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LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE WEST.



DEDICATION.

TO MY MOTHER.

IF I had merely to place this little book in your hands, the best mode of presentation would be a silent one, but the world is by, and although this will savour somewhat of the ceremony of the profession ; yet, in presenting you with my first literary effort, I cannot help telling those who do not know you, with what pride I consecrate this Work with your name.

It is customary to inscribe essays of this character to persons of distinction. I know none to whom I owe more respect than yourself.

Often a dedication is an offering of gratitude. To none can I ever feel more grateful than to you. Sometimes a volume is inscribed with the name of the one most dearly loved. I have no other name to inscribe it with, now, than yours.

THE AUTHOR.

Sept. 10, 1846.

PREFACE.

I can claim no indulgence for the defects of this Volume. The subject was voluntarily chosen, and is so rich in material, that a work of much more importance might have been produced, had the task fallen into other hands. As it is, the author can only hope to have led his readers to regard with increased interest the legendary lore of the West.

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THE BANKS OF THE EXE.

THE
BANKS OF THE EXE.

I.

Land of my love ! home of my hearth and heart !
Be thou my inspirer, as my theme thou art,
Yield me the charms that to thy clime belong,
And let thy sunshine light me into song.

Fairest of all thy provinces, the spot
By artist sought, by poet unforget,
Where by thy busy towns, thy village towers,
Thy quiet rivers pass through paths of flowers ;
Where every hill-side hath its sylvan crest,
Where many a warbler lulls the heart to rest ;

Where every valley hath its bowery nook,
 By elfin fingers rescued from the grove ;
 Where the green lanes, trac'd by the faerie-folke,
 Seem twin'd and shelter'd for the ways of love:
 And, more than all, where each sequester'd path
 Some old, some dear association hath,
 Some legend quaint, or some heart-stirring story—
 Land of the West ! be *this* thy greatest glory.

II.

Oft by the margin of some winding stream
 Thy ancient lore becomes my haunting dream,
 Whilst, in the river-track that gushes by,
 I trace the genius of thy history—
 A story old and rude as the broad moor
 Whence all thy many branching streamlets pour,
 With here and there, some bold and glorious fall
 Of sparkling memories to redeem it all.
 Those river-paths ! how gracefully they glide
 With silvery vein adown the mountain side,
 Making their bed where birds and flowers lie,
 With tremulous murmur, rich with melody ;
 O'er mossy rock or fallen foliage bright
 With tangled tones of vari-colour'd light.

III.

To thee, fair Exe ! that rushest by the walls
 Of the old City with its memoried halls,
 Its glorious temple, and its castled keep,
 My earliest song is due.—

Well may we weep

The former grandeur of that fortress old,
 Sacred to martyr'd saint and warrior bold ;
 Where not a hearth but has some tale to tell
 Of suffering hearts that knew the world too well,
 Or with some happier thought for us to trace
 A sunbright path for all the human race ;
 Lessons to linger on when age draws near
 And memory makes the faintest shadow dear.

Beautiful river ! daughter of the moor !

Whose hoary locks fall o'er thy childhood's face
 With the rough kindness thou can'st feel the more,

From the ripe charms that mark thy growing
 grace ;

I know not whether best I love thy track

When calling all thy earlier beauty back ;

Those woodlands wild that stretch across thy
 breast,

With their rude arms thrown round thee in thy
rest ;

Or thy wild gushing o'er the heath-grown weir,
Where by the rugged and unequal stair,
Some briery bower or ancient spring is found,
By the witch-elder render'd holy ground ;
Or by some gypsy groupe, whose mystic song
With echoing strains, the startled hills prolong,
Made strangely musical—in every dress
Thy river wears, I love thy loveliness.

IV.

We pause not in our solitary path
By Bampton's field, to tell its tale of wrath ;¹
Or, with the legends of the moor to break
A charm some happier lyrist may awake ;
But o'er the valley of the Lowman bring
The unwearied footsteps of our wandering
Where, by the parted stream, the tower stands,
 With the gray ruin of its ancient friend,
That crumbling castle which the Courtenay's hands
 Held for its aid, to govern or defend.
Fair Tiverton ! for thee the passing word,
Nor word of praise, but the rude truth he heard,

Where Coſway wander'd, where a Cowley wrote,
 There ſtands no ſtone to mark the favour'd ſpot;
 The generous Blundell whom all England quote,
 Save by his *own* proud monument forgot.
 The day muſt come—be ye among the firſt
 To hail its advent, ere the dawn ſhall burſt,
 When from each birth-place of the good and great,
 Relics ſhall riſe like beacons round the land,
 Standing the pillar'd memories of the ſtate,
 Like ancient landmarks ſhall their glory ſtand.

v.

Now in the valley of the Exe we reſt,
 Of all our vallies, richeſt, lovelieſt, beſt,
 Winding its ſilver band about the hills,
 Which feed its beauty from a thouſand rills;
 With village churches by its every bend,
 And ſmiling hamlets gathering as we wend;
 Broider'd by flowers, guided by light and ſong,
 Flowing in ſunſhine joyouſly along,
 By every bough that falls into its way,
 With many a dimple, ſparkling into ſpray;
 Or 'neath ſome purple rock, in ſilent courſe,
 Seeking ſome ſacred well's ſecluded ſource;

Or with its broad and laughing mirror seen,
Mocking the hillsides' garniture of green.

VI.

Here leaps the silver trout, whose speckled breast
Spreadeth its ring of trembling light around ;
Here the dark otter seeks his sedgy rest,
Where strike the willow's roots into the ground ;
The matted osier and the mottled moss,
Here throw their web some rustic bridge across,
Where 'neath the ivied arch whose sparry dome,
With many a winter's diamond ice-drops shine ;
Here as the foliage flings its richest gloom,
And the last bird his vesper chaunts and mine ;
Here to the haunted spot the poet flies,
Whilst with his hand he traceth from the stream
A circle sparkling in the moon's first beam,
Till the bright vision riseth o'er his eyes ;
A spirit holy-fair, in whose dear name
The sons of genius make our province blest,
With dreams of hope and yearnings after fame,
That mark the chosen children of the west.
The guardian spirit, that with solace sweet,
Her gladness shed on Raleigh's dungeon floor,

That gentle guide that, 'neath the judgment seat,
 In Russell's ear her words of life could pour ;
 Then hallow'd be the place where first we learn,
 To the true loveliness of love to turn ;
 Taught by the first fair vision of our youth,
 The creed of light and beauty, hope and truth.

VII.

At every step Tradition's voice is heard,
 The letter'd pedant clears his learned brow ;
 Or the old dame with grief in every word,
 Speaks of some spot that hath no being now.
 " Upon that bridge"² I hear the old crone say,
 " Two knights once met in fierce and foul array.
 " There the brave Saxon fell beside his land,
 " The last, the noblest of a noble band.
 " There the Carew rais'd his resistless sword,
 " And all the country knew him for their lord."
 Or if she condescend with humbler tale,
 To speak of him, the hero of the vale,³
 Who on the lowliest lot a charm could fling,
 Who roam'd a beggar, and yet reign'd a king.
 The gypsy monarch with his forest crown,
 His life of peril and his wild renown,

Whilst as she mourns the outlaw bold and brave,
 She sadly points to his neglected grave ;
 Or with a look mysterious with alarm,
 She from her bosom takes some secret charm ;
 And in a whisper bids you mark the spell,
 Wrought by the witches in some haunted dell ;
 Or with a smile, still eloquent of fear,
 She with a gesture draws the listener near,
 And, pointing to some far-off faerie-ring,
 Where by the silver moon the pixies sing,
 She speaks of wondrous deeds that in her youth
 Were known to all the villagers for truth ;
 Some blushing bride borne from the shrine away,
 Some youthful brow turn'd in a night to gray,
 Whispers at eventide when all was still,
 Or unseen minstrels on the castle hill.
 A gather'd harvest without human hand,
 Untended roses clustering round her porch,
 Neglected orphans, masters of the land ;
 Or the night-raising of some distant church.

VIII.

Than all our learning love I far, far more
 These simple wild traditions of the poor,

And if, in very truth, the viewless wings
 Of guardian spirits hover round our home,
 They are but beckoners to the brighter things
 That lie within their world beyond the tomb ;
 Wing'd thoughts and voiceless memories, which
 the mind

In its most intellectual form hath shrin'd,
 Whispers of lov'd ones lost, or prayerful sighs
 That by some mystic charm to heaven arise ;
 The charm that sheds its halo round our birth,
 The living poetry that chains the earth—
 Household affections, breathing from the sod,
 The star-like prophets of the works of God—
 The very pixies of our hallow'd Devon,
 But the sweet, gentle messengers of Heaven.

IX.

Now pass we by the leaf-strewn, o'erarch'd road,
 The ancient court,⁶ beneath whose gateway broad
 The mail-clad knight with all his vassals rode ;
 That hall, now black with age, then joyous shone
 With ruddy light from the vast chimney stone ;
 As by the torch-lit walls gleam'd the grim face
 Of stalwart warrior, and from hand to hand

The foaming flagon flew, whilst the old place
 Rung with their revels—or perchance, by wand
 Of minstrelsy compelled, they stand around
 The hoary harper, till the song his years
 Had taught him, draw forth their unbidden
 tears ;
 Or, rous'd to rage, their war-cries shake the ground.
 'Tis over now—another race is there,
 The ballad still is on the rustic's tongue ;
 But where the sword-worn gauntlet now—and
 where
 The gleaming shield upon his shoulder swung ?
 Now as the peasant ploughs that field of blood,
 And turns some mouldering relic from the sod,
 He gathers mushrooms in the casques they wore,
 And nails the horse-shoes on his cottage door.⁷

X.

Once more within thy valley, Exe, whose breast
 Thrills with the chorus of a thousand birds,
 Blackbird and thrush, linnet and lark, in quest
 Of echoes, whose sweet music wants no words
 To give it power—the melody of thought,
 With which all nature's mingled tones are wrought.

How beautiful thy valley, on whose stream
 The meeting shadows of the trees are seen ;
 The quivering ash, gnarl'd oak, or beech whose
 gleam

Of silver bark bursts 'neath its foliage green,
 With moss and lichen round each twisted root,
 And the tall rushes rising at thy foot.

Vale of my home ! aye, thou art beautiful !

Thy daisied field-paths, and thy verdant glades,
 Thy lilied islets, with wild arbours full ;

Thy groves, whose solitude when sunlight fades
 Shadows the young and lov'd—thy river fair,
 Whose path, o'er meadow calm or gushing weir,
 Or through some fretted cave, whose glistening
 roof,

With the dark ripple blends its tangled woof
 Of changing colours—ever by thy side,
 I'll sing of thee—theme of my love and pride !

XI.

But chang'd the scene, since from the minstrel
 broke

His first rude strain—the cottage-cover'd steep
 By Bickleigh's tower, or river-girdled Stoke—

These with their hamlets in the sunshine sleep ;
 The little village, with its faint church-bell
 That rung the manor-lord's mysterious knell,⁸
 With its still grave-yard, where, 'neath many a
 rose

The stranger sleeps in undisturbed repose :⁹
 The road-side Cross, the shrine of many a pray'r,
 By pilgrim's earnest accents utter'd there ;
 The spreading oak that makes the ruin now
 The trysting place of many a lover's vow :
 All, all is changed—the glad and bright repose,
 Deepened, not broken, by the gentle sound
 Of milkmaids carol, as, at daylight's close,
 She wakes with suasive song the echoes round
 Lost in that cry !—how piercingly it thrills
 Through the deep throbbing heart of the green
 hills !

Whilst down the vale, the rushing pow'r flies by,
 Cleaving its iron track thro' field and wood,
 Leaving its whitening trail upon the sky—
 A vision'd city in a solitude !
 Hush'd is the hum of hive, the cock's loud crow,
 The young thatch-swallow's chirp, the ring-dove
 low,

The peasant's voice, the matron's gossip keen,
 The children's gambols on the village-green ;
 All hush'd before that wild and fearful force
 That madly flies by woodland, meadow, stream,
 Like the distemper'd fancy of a dream :
 Strange contrast to the road that marks its course,
 The lawless monk's life-labour—by the years,
 Of patient penance made a path of tears.¹⁰

XII.

We stand 'neath those dismantled walls and towers,
 Where once a Stephen, once the Cromwell stood,
 Where rag'd, through many a fight the darker feud
 Of rival faiths—our forefathers and ours ;
 The fortress church,¹¹ the prison tower no more
 Tell us the tales they read our sires of yore ;
 The wide, the gateless path no warder keeps,
 Where swung the cannon now the sparrow sleeps ;
 A freer air is on the well-worn way,
 Than when the curfew's warning clos'd the day ;
 Yet many a legend still upon our ear,
 Makes Rougemont glorious,¹² and the Carfoix dear.
 There's not a home our ancient city holds,
 But some strange history of love unfolds.

I mark them now—grim houses with their roofs,
 And walls and windows with quaint carvings
 dark,

Their amply-stated porches—glorious proofs
 Of gen'rous living that we all should mark ;
 Or the religious houses where the poor
 Found food and aid when they could work no more ;
 Those glorious buildings found at every turn,
 With their rude tablets and their gardens trim,
 Where honest age the law of love may learn,
 When the foot falters, and the eye grows dim.¹³

The churches, not as now in corners hid,
 But standing broadly in that fine old street,
 With their wide entrance open flung to bid
 The world-worn Christian there to turn his feet.

That court grotesque—our ancient Monkton's
 boast—

Where reign'd the sage old Athelstane¹⁴ is lost :
 Lost all those relics of the times gone by
 Our honest, best, and holiest history.—

Those times are gone—those grand, if gloomy
 gates,

Which held the faithful town's united fates ;

The conduit centred in the city's heart,
 Where gathering groups with their rude
 vessels came ;

The lofty hall, where the true patriot's part
 Was borne by many a man unknown to fame.
 And dearer far than all, that ancient fane,
 Through England famous, where that patriarch
 trod,¹⁵

Who rais'd our Saviour's standard—not in vain,
 And preach'd the pure and simple word of God :
 That temple still may teach us to recall
 How priests could minister, and saints could die,
 And how the West could raise—best boast of all—
 That noble monument of piety.

Those times are gone, and with them all the
 great

Who shar'd a Hooker's or a Bodley's fate,
 Raleigh or Coleridge, Gervais, Foster, King,
 All to whose deeds their city's love should cling ;
 The fated Gifford's promise, or the fame
 That gilds the memory of a Follett's name.
 All, all have past away—nor can we find
 One poor memorial of their birth enshrined ;
 The city that *their* names have serv'd to save,
 Gives to them all an unrecorded grave.

XIII.

Stand with me on this weir—¹⁶ the summer-track

Of many a labourer whistling to his cot ;

Now for a moment on that scene turn back—

Is it not beautiful ? oh ! hath it not

A charm beyond the ties of blood or birth,

Its kindred memories or its men of worth ?

That city in the hills—those old gray towers—

The busy quay—its little crowd of masts—

Those meadows rich with corn or bright with
flowers—

The abbey bridge whose broken archway casts

Its shadow in the stream—that barge below

With the shrill boatman calling to and fro—

That line of cottages whence trooping come

The laughing cares of many an anxious home.

Whilst now beside us gently floweth by

That fruit of native wealth and industry,

The first canal our merry land could boast ;

And if, with all our change, its fame be lost,

Yet still with pride I to the record look,

As on that mill, the little village owns—¹⁷

Where came the first material for the book,

That pow'r which giveth Intellect her thrones,
 And Poetry her altars—that pow'r which stands
 The mighty monarch of a hundred lands—
 That in the court or cottage takes its place—
 That blendeth faith with faith, and race with race,
 That pow'r which has been binding, from its
 birth,
 The universal union of the earth.

Now turn towards the sea—old Topsham stands
 Around its simple church, whilst slope beyond
 The wooded hills that lie beside the sands :
 Across the river comes from hill and dell
 The faint low chime of many a village bell,
 Whose spires rise from out each bowery screen ;
 Whilst with its shadows glooming on the scene,
 The castle turrets crest yon tree-capt hill :

Home of the noblest race the Norman gave,
 In council eloquent, in battle brave,
 And in these graver days with power and skill
 To make us grateful for that rank renew'd,
 Which makes them lords of love and great for
 good.

XIV.

Now o'er the river's broad yet winding way
 Our path we take, and watch the dying day,
 As o'er the distant town it floods its light,
 And brings each lessening vessel into sight :
 The sunbeams glancing on the breaking wave,
 Chasing the eddies in the yellow sand,
 Gleaming upon the sailors as they save
 The ebbing tide, which murmurs o'er the strand,
 The glistening masts, and white sails in the wind,
 Round whose full curve whirls the careering
 bird ;
 These with their many charms we leave behind,
 For now the ocean's hollow voice is heard.
 With the hoarse welcome of a patriarch old,
 Calling from riven rock and cavern hoar,
 He takes the Exe upon his bosom cold
 And rushes wildly from the lingering shore.

XV.

Not unremember'd in the historic page
 Shall thy fair river be when by thy side ?
 The thoughtful student turns from age to age,
 And dreams of all the glories of thy tide ;

The tide that bore the Northmen to our doors,
 Till driven vanquish'd to their native shores ;
 The stream on which in rudely regal sway,
 The glorious Alfred made our foes his prey :
 The stream which was, despite a king's command,
 Held in the hollow of the Courtenay's hand.¹⁸
 Or shall we turn our listening ear again,
 To the dim echo from tradition's strain,
 And as the visions pass in varied guise,
 Read for the Exe more glorious histories ?
 The Tyrian merchant, or the Gallic foe,
 Or the brave Roman with his dauntless band,
 Whose paths from hill to hill we still can shew,
 Our chosen road-tracks yet throughout the land.

XVI.

Their desert camp, and the rude Briton's lair,
 Beside his cairn have still left traces there ;
 Yet far more glorious is the dim, vague thought,
 That here, where churches rise on every hill,
 To eager hearts, the great Apostle taught—¹⁹
 Here taught, here preach'd, his dying master's
 will ;

Here by our pagan forefathers he stood,
 E'en as at Athens, when with outstretch'd hand,
 He preach'd the gospel to the multitude,
 Making an Eden of that classic land.
 So here—before the swart and sunburnt face
 Of the rude Briton with his fear-fraught eye,
 Here with their gods around, he took his place,
 Here, all prepared to save them, or—to die ;
 Here, by the Druid's shrine, the Prophet spake,
 And bade the listening savages awake.

XVII.

And we, whose veins with kindred blood still swell,
 We whose traditions breathe so dear a spell,
 Shall we not hear, beside the silent stream,
 As in the whisper of some summer-dream,
 Those accents still, those thrilling words of love,
 Which fell from him, who, mission'd from above,
 Preach'd heaven's great law to us—the simple tie,
 That should unite the human family ?
 Let us yet listen and St. Paul may still
 Move by each river, echo from each hill ;
 In every path we take his lessons teach,
 In every shady nook his mission preach ;

The lengthening shadow of his memory now
 May softening fall upon each aching brow,
 Still wake the Sceptic's, soothe the Christian's
 fears,

And give Despair the privilege of tears ;
 Still give the troubled calm, the weary rest,
 Still teach the Oppressor, like himself, to
 pause—

And 'ere he driveth mercy from his breast,
 Think of our Saviour's last and best of laws :
 " LOVE ONE ANOTHER !" let the word go forth
 Through town and hamlet to the hearts of men ;
 Teach the wide world what Charity is worth,
 And let the Assisted echo it again :

" LOVE ONE ANOTHER !"—let it find the Proud,
 Who scorns his brother struggling in the crowd ;
 Let the Law reach the dwellings of the Poor,
 Clothe the cold bed and smoothe the rugged floor,
 Warm the bare walls and light the empty hearth—
 His children make *our* brethren in the earth—
 " LOVE ONE ANOTHER !" let the mandate reach
 The quailing Outcast, and the Culprit teach ;
 Then shall the close and constant chains we bind,
 Link heart with heart, and fetter mind to mind,

Then from the humblest servant of the soil
 To the crown'd head of the contented state,
 Light shall the task be of the Sons of Toil,
 And free the honour'd guidance of the great.

Then still beside thy stream, my gentle river,
 Whose features bear a happy impress ever,
 Here will I read this law.

And when the night

Falls o'er thy waters with its dim pale light ;
 Or when at morn the blushing hills fall back
 To bear the beauty of thy winding track ;
 Or at the glorious noon-time when thy way
 Is through the bending woodland's o'erarched
 spray ;

Or when at even-tide, thy murmuring path
 Its sweetest, gentlest, happiest echo hath—
 At every season, and in every mood,
 I'll seek in thee a minister to good,
 Make my wild music to thy waters move,
 And find in thee the eloquence of love.

NOTES
TO
THE BANKS OF THE EXE.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

" We pause not in our solitary path
By Bampton's field to tell its tale of wrath."

A battle was fought here according to the received authorities in the year 620, between Cynegels, the first Christian king of the West Saxons, and the Britons, where the king's army slew more than 20,000 men. Some historians name a much larger number, but their general agreement as to the *fact* is valuable, after the lapse of twelve hundred years. The whole of the neighbourhood of Exmoor is full of legendary interest.

NOTE II.

" Upon that bridge"—I hear the old crone say,
" Two Knights once met in fierce and foul array."

Here the Cruwys, the Saxon, and de Carru, the Norman, the ancestor of the Carews fought. Tradition has given us more than one version of this story.

/

NOTE III.

———"The hero of the vale."

Bampfylde Moore Carew, the king of the beggars,—his grave lies *outside* the village church, the wall only dividing him from the rest of the family. Not a stone is left to mark the spot, which is however not forgotten by the villagers.

NOTE IV.

"She from her bosom takes some secret charm."

Charms are still commonly worn by the people—of a whole family residing near the high road between Exeter and Tiverton, not one but wears some precious amulet to guard him from the "white witches" of the neighbourhood.

NOTE V.

"The very pixies of our hallow'd Devon."

The influence of the pixies is a local tradition full of grace and beauty. Chudleigh, Torquay and many other parts of our romantic province have their pixies' caverns and there is scarcely a wood in the West without its sacred circle appropriated to the especial use of these tiny deities.

NOTE VI.

“ The ancient court.”

Bickleigh Court, a fine old ruin which has been restored by the present Baronet, who may well be proud of the home of his ancestors; the approach and situation of this relic of the past are very picturesque.

NOTE VII.

“ And nails the horse-shoes on his cottage door.”

The horse-shoe thus used is held to be a charm against witchcraft.

NOTE VIII.

“ That rung the manor-lord's mysterious knell.”

The church-bell of Netherexe—so the village legend runs—always rung—*of itself*—at the death of the lord of the manor; the last of a race, thus honoured, died a year or two since in the house in which his fathers had dwelt for eight hundred years.

NOTE IX.

"With its still grave yard, where 'neath many a rose
The stranger sleeps in undisturb'd repose."

A lady rambling with her husband in one of his sporting excursions was so charmed with the solemn quiet of this little churchyard, that she exacted a promise from him that if she died first she should be buried there. The following summer she lay below the stone which is raised to her memory over a grave covered with flowers.

NOTE X.

—————"The lawless monk's life labour."

The Cowley Bridge path was made by a monk as a penance for his crimes.

NOTE XI.

"The fortress church—the prison tower."

The old church of Allhallows-on-the-Walls was used for purposes of defence by the besieged during the civil war. Southgate was the City prison.

NOTE XII.

"Yet many a legend still upon our ear,
Makes Rougemont glorious and the Carfoix dear."

At the Carfoix, or rather Quatre Foix, many of the earlier martyrs to Protestantism suffered—and our Castle brings to our memory the warning to Richard the Third, which has been preserved by Shakspeare in the fourth act of that tragedy. The usurper exclaims when he hears of the approach of his enemy—

Richmond !—when last I was at Exeter,
The Mayor in courtesy show'd me the Castle
And called it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

NOTE XIII.

"Those glorious buildings found at every turn,
With their rude tablets and their gardens trim,
Where honest age the law of love may learn,
When the foot falters, and the eye grows dim."

Every street in Exeter has its line of Almshouses, and they are amongst the proudest monuments that remain to us.

NOTE XIV.

"That court grotesque—our ancient Monkton's boast,
Where reign'd the sage old Athelstane"——

Vestiges of this court, but a very few years since were to be seen in a spot now occupied by the Eastern Market.

NOTE XV.

“Where that patriarch trod.”

Miles Coverdale, the first translator of the Bible into English.

NOTE XVI.

“Stand with me on this weir.”

Countess-Weir. To the lover of the picturesque, there is no point in the whole course of the river which offers so many and such varied scenes to the eye. The mouth of the river on the one hand and the City on the other, each with its appropriate landscape equally deserves a passing glance.

NOTE XVII.

“As on that mill, the little village owes.”

The first paper-mills in England were at Huxham, the village referred to, and our second printing press was established at Tavistock. It is a singular fact that with these, as with canals and the many other facilities to navigation as well as in the more important improvements of watches, aye, and in the application of the wonderful power of steam itself, the sons of the West have almost always been the pioneers of science.

NOTE XVIII.

"The stream, which was despite a king's command
Held in the hollow of the Courtenay's hand."

The legend runs thus—In the reign of the Second Edward, a Prince very infirm of purpose, the Earl of Devon found in the following story an excuse for throwing across the river the weir which so long restricted the commerce of the City.

Having sent his caterer to Exeter for fish, the man found but three baskets in the market, and was desirous of taking them all for his lord's table. A servitor of the Bishop's arriving at the same time, made the same demand. The Mayor being appealed to, decided by giving one basket to the Earl, the second to the Bishop, and reserving the third for the Citizens. The Earl conceived himself wronged and on his visiting the City, sent for the Mayor, his vassal, who came with some fear upon him, wearing over his civic robe the livery of his lord.

After some high words, the Mayor took off his vassal's coat and delivered it to the Earl, thus throwing off his feudal allegiance. The Citizens, who feared for the safety of their Mayor, surrounded the house, and it was only by presenting himself unhurt before them, that he prevented them from attacking the Earl, whose anger at this new insult, knew no bounds. He returned to his castle, and shortly afterwards did all he could to impede the navigation of the river and injure the prosperity of the City, and although the King granted an enquiry into his conduct, and pretty clearly expressed his disapproval of the tyranny, the arm of the sovereign was not long enough to reach so powerful a Baron as the then Earl of Devon.

NOTE XIX.

"That here, where churches rise on every hill,
To eager hearts the great apostle taught."

The Tradition that St. Paul preached in the West is a very general one. To the same vague authority we must ascribe the legend that the scene of his preaching was the romantic valley of St. John's in the Wilderness.

MOORLAND TRADITION.

The Sketch, which occupies the following pages, is rather matter of history than tradition. A brief mention of the incident occurs in the quaint biographies of old Prince. The Rector of Witheycombe, at the date of the story was the Rev. George Lyde, a man of as much learning as piety.

To him who has spent a day on Dartmoor, the whisper of its name is enough to bring the scene to his memory. The foot once set upon Cawsen or Brent Tor turns not back—the desert before him with its broad hollows, unbroken by a single tree, unrelieved by a single hut—the swelling hills with their stunted verdure or dark patches of moss, only varied by the gray granite whose jagged surfaces catch upon every prominence the vivid and changing light—this wild scene, with the cry of the curlew for its solitary music, or the low sullen movement of some swollen stream, its

only evidence of life—this drear scene has a mysterious charm for the wayfarer. Unless the gleam of the distant ocean caught from one of the highest tors, or the rising smoke of some far-off village carry his thoughts back to the world, his mind is all subdued before the spirit of the solitude. In his idlest mood he will throw himself upon some jutting rock, and watching the careering clouds, will build up in his vagrant fancy the throned court and peopled grandeur of his faerie-land. The sun shines nowhere as he does upon the moor. It is not here he lights up some corner of the heart with the mild gladness of his gentler beams, but gathering his mantle of clouds about him, he stalks up the skiey arch, shedding his broad deep light upon an unbrcken expanse. There are here no fields of verdure to speak of man's care, no proud landmarks to tell of man's dominion. Far away the thatched cottage with its caged songster at the door, far away the green lane with its varied bloom of flowers, the white church, the yellow meadows waving with the corn, or the cart-worn road-track with its pillared shade of elm, and ash, and sycamore.

Yet the moor has its green spots, few as they are, and the traveller who reaches one of these moorland hamlets after a heavy and a hungry day's walk, will be glad to exchange the solemn stillness of the magnificent wild, for the hissing welcome of the peat fire and the rough but hearty greeting of the rude hill-dweller. Of these green spots the village of Witheycombe is perhaps one of the most picturesque, completely nestling itself in the bosom of the surrounding hills whose bleak heights rise on every side to shelter and shadow it.

Still, protected as it seems, a fearful tale darkens through the memories of the old villagers, which tells us how slight even Nature's defences are when the fiat of the All-Powerful has gone forth. There is something in this Tradition, terrible as it is, which induces me to record it here, something which speaks loftily of the fortitude of the Christian, of the heroism which springs up in the heart of the man who looks above for his Protector—and if but to snatch from oblivion the memory of one, whose character, as evidenced here, reflected the honor it borrowed

from his holy profession, it is hoped this slight memorial will not have been written in vain.

It was during the reign of the Commonwealth, when the desert was the refuge of many of the Royalist party, who even in this remote region scarcely dared to come before their fellows lest a friend or a brother should become their betrayer, that on one of those glorious mornings which on Dartmoor are so strikingly beautiful from the uninterrupted influence of the broad blue sky, the villagers had assembled in greater numbers than usual to join in the common worship of their Creator—for it was the Sabbath—a day sometimes sacred even in that age of suspicion and distrust—and on this sunny morning delightful was it to see, from the solitary hill-side hovel, or coming across some distant sheep-track, or where two or three bare cottages lay in the dark hollow, the little groups hastening to their accustomed meeting in the parish church. The quiet gray and russet of the mountain cloaks was here and there varied by the sheen of some rusty morion or tattered scarf, the mournful badge of a ruined cavalier, whilst ever and anon some old man

with silvery hair and reverend aspect, and the subdued dignity of concealed rank, would hurriedly pass the crowd with their bent and uncovered heads, as he stole into one of the quietest nooks of the venerable temple.

'Twas the hour of prayer—the Sabbath bell had ceased its long low call, and in the church of Witheycombe on the Moor arose the deep and enthusiastic Voice of Worship. Old and young, rich and poor, the peat-gatherer whose stout staff shook beneath his nervous grasp, the calm shepherd, whose solitary life had given his features a thoughtful character, the old farmer who bore on his furrowed forehead the anxious cares of his hill-farm—the matron rejoicing in the dignity of a well plaited coif, the blushing girl whose golden tresses had just been caught up by the love-ribbon to announce her womanhood—the ruddy children whose shock hair seemed to fly all restraint as under its shadow their eyes peered through in awe and wonder—all were there—and from the open benches, from whose rudely carved sides depended many a broad beaver or rough mantle, came the simple but touching accents of

their heartfelt piety. Whilst thus the eyes of the Children of the Desert were upturned in entreaty, darkness came upon the face of nature; and upon everything around them, in one brief, dread moment hung the impenetrable gloom of night—there was a long—a fearful pause. All hearts were hushed in the awful ecstasy of suspense—then as on the instant rose the quailing cry, a sudden lurid light shot through the church, and face looked upon face with the last glance of despair—they saw but each others *faces*—all else was wrapt in gloom. Another pause succeeded—the thick darkness again overspread them—again that fearful and now that feeble cry—the terrific light is again amongst them! through the broad roof the shattered fragments of the tower fall—upon the seared walls hang the life-like monuments of the stricken dead—there, with one hand stretched to save a living child, the dead mother stands fixed as marble—there, the shepherd's dog falls writhing in the porch—his old master turns unscathed—there, by the brother, rests motionless the young companion, a living smile for ever painted on the inanimate lips—there, the husband tries to wind

his shrivelled helpless arm around his blind-struck wife. Before the scorched and blackened altar stands the firm old priest, a few of the boldest, with that gray-haired cavalier, gathering about the shrine of their forefathers. There—again!—that terrible light—the villagers rush in terror from the aisles—but with a sudden check they turn—a voice is heard—the voice of their pastor,—who, with his wife struck and withered at his feet, calls upon them in that hour of danger to thank Heaven for the mercy which had saved so many in their sins—and by one universal impulse, trembling with emotion, from the re-assured worshippers arose the loud deep fervent Hymn of Praise.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

WITCH OF LUSTLEIGH.

THE Teign, if running through vallies less full of the pastoral beauty which is the general characteristic of our Scenery, is perhaps the most picturesque of all our rivers. From its rise in one of the most desolate hollows of Dartmoor, throughout its whole course, it wanders amid its dark glens or over its wild falls, with a music so completely in consonance with the sombre woods that overhang its path or the gray rocks of granite that intercept its way and give so gloomy a colour to its bed, that the wayfarer is involuntarily saddened by the scene which so powerfully impresses him.

Close to the dell, whose wildly luxuriant character the following little Poem attempts to describe, not many years since one of our most accomplished Artists sought a premature grave. More than one legend is still current in the neighbouring villages of other victims whose lives have been thus closed in this romantic valley. The name of Deadman's Steps is still given to a point in the stream. From the crest of the first hill to the glimpse of Becky fall, caught in the distance, there is no scene in the West that has more attractions for the eye, than Lustleigh Cleeve.

THE
WITCH OF LUSTLEIGH.

I.

Haste ye where the wild Teign dashes
Merrily over rock and root,
Its sparkling pathway seen in flashes
Eddying round the alder's foot ;
Hazel, holly bending o'er it
And many a green branch cast before it,
All the twining brotherhood
That meet and mingle in the wood ;
Flowers that round the fountain-fall
Twine their tendrils in a ring,
Wood-birds answering to the call

Of distant mate with wooing wing,
 Faerie-flitting shadows dancing
 Where the pearly spray is glancing ;
 And from the height and neath the stream,
 The clear, soft light of Evening's beam,
 Through archway green, through arbour'd grot
 Shedding its influence o'er the spot.

This in the silent summer eve
 With all the light of gladness full—
 The magic of the beautiful—
 Throweth its spell o'er Lustleigh Cleeve.

II.

Beneath the trees, beside the stream
 I laid me down at close of day
 In hope the Poet's idle dream
 Might chase the Worldling's care away ;
 And 'twas in sooth a pleasant place
 That river-nook's neglected bower,
 Where man might well forget his race
 To woo the Spirit of the Hour :
 The rocky roof with cry stals hung
 Taking a hue from every flower,

The carpet by ground-ivy flung
 Around my feet, where gaily stood
 The bright-eyed sisters of the wood ;
 The hyacinth whose purple bells
 Droop around its trembling stem,
 The violets in their mossy cells,
 With gentle odours clothing them ;
 The primrose, that had caught her hue
 From the last beam the Day-God threw,
 The may-thorn with its ruddy bloom,
 The golden furze with wild perfume ;
 The heaths, in varied star-crests, bright
 With every tint that meets the light,
 The daisy with its heart of fire
 And snowy breast—the sparry briar ;
 The wild rose with green censers flinging
 A shower of fragrance thro' the dell,
 The lilies of the valley bringing
 The sweets that in their vases dwell ;
 Or the queen-lily pale with love,
 Whose arching throat with langour heaves,
 Till from her couch of velvet leaves,
 She feels the dew-kiss from above :

Fair daughters of the shower and cloud !

Born 'neath the rainbow's dropping beam !
Ye lie in the night-shadow's shroud ;

Whilst o'er my wandering fancy gleam
From the clos'd leaf and flower curl'd,
The beings of another world :

Visions of those winged creatures,

Living when the flowers fade,
With their dream-forms and thought-lit features

Born for grot and glen and glade ;
Fays that in the weir-fall darken,

Gnomes that round the well-ring gleam,
Sprites that 'neath the fern-fans hearken

To the Pixies of the stream,
Elves that in the laughing light

Lurk behind their shadows quaint,
Echoes murmuring through the night,

Like joybells with their gladness faint ;
Dazzling round—a tangled sheen

Of busy feet and starlike eyes,
They gather o'er the woodland green

In all their thousand fantasies ;
In the moonbeam's path they throng,
In the glen-shade circle round,

With laughter light and spirit song
That woke me with its silver sound.

III.

But as I gaz'd, the elfin troop
Of merry spirits left the air,
And where, erewhile, that joyous group,
Arose a vision far more fair !
Ye cold of heart, who *never* dream,
Ye little know how beauty's beam
Is heighten'd, hallow'd, and endear'd,
When in a Poet's fancy spher'd ;
He lights the eye and rounds the form,
Makes the pale cheek with blushes warm,
Gives thought and feeling to the sigh,
And to the lov'd step buoyancy :
'Tis his to tell——

but ne'er again,
Will I awake so bold a strain,
The smile that lights those beaming eyes
Is worth a Poet's Paradise !

IV.

Around the Spirit's dream-glance flutter'd
A halo vague of shadeless light ;

I listen'd—but no sound was utter'd,
 Rose—nor mov'd the Vision bright ;
 She—for in any form that summons
 A thrill of rapture to the breast
 The heart but breathes its love of Woman's—
 She hover'd o'er my strange unrest,
 Clad in a loveliness so rare,
 So gently bright, so proudly fair,
 That even the enamour'd air
 Threw its odorous incense round
 To make her pathway holy ground ;
 Her shadowy height proclaim'd her birth,
 As near to heaven as speaks of earth ;
 But to her glance a charm was given
 That speaks alone the minstrel's heaven,
 The glance which in the light of youth
 Yields all we know of love or truth,
 When the heart feels, it knows not why,
 In rushing stream or soaring bird,
 In trembling sigh or whisper'd word,
 A world of wondrous melody.

v.

I gaz'd again—the small foot fell
 With pausing tremor on the dell,

The light paled in the drooping eye,
 A rosier damask flush'd the cheek,
 And from the heart arose the sigh,
 Revealing all the heart *dare* speak :
 The parted lips with passion pale,
 Cushion'd in smiles and velvet-rob'd,
 The throbbing bosom told its tale
 Of prisoned love within it glob'd ;
 For woman—not that she seem'd one,
 She seem'd a daughter of the sun,
 A child of light—but woman ever
 Betrays herself in thoughts that quiver
 In lip and lid and sweetly fall
 Round charms whose magic chains us all.
 And she, my Woodland Witch, had felt
 The power to which the world hath knelt,
 For when I gasp'd—" for Heaven's sake !
 " What wouldst thou, Spirit, at this hour ?"—
 First glancing round o'er rock and bower,
 In accents sweet the Vision spake.

VI.

" Lord love you' sir ! I am no witch !
 " Or else you'd see my willow switch,

“ Nor magic scroll, nor evil eye,
“ Have I to charm your destiny ;
“ I came to ask,—nor slight the boon,
 “ That you will leave our trysting place,
“ For 'tis to night the harvest moon,
 “ And we would see our lady's face,
“ Robin and I, in this blest spot,
“ Called, ages since, the Lover's Grot,
“ Where we have pledged the holy vow,
 “ Which time nor care shall change nor
 chill,
“ And by our coming bridal, now
 “ Made to us both yet holier still :
“ Pardon our prayer, and when your heart
“ Hath kept some holy place apart,
“ Where sighs have echoed from each breast,
“ And blushes rise to tell the rest,
“ Then in your Harvest-time of love,
“ Remember kindly Amy Grove.”

THE YELLOW HEAD,

A LEGEND OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

WHERE shall we seek as in those old aisles, such profitable theme for musing? Our pathway on those crumbling gravestones is over whole pages of mute history; the walls are covered with the sad memories of busy lives, the very windows, now stript of much of their legendary interest, are bright with the lore of the earlier Christians—Saint and Martyr—Crusader and Pilgrim are niched in every corner—the corbals of the groined ceiling have their picturesque associations—and even along those pillars underneath the Nun's Gallery, which runs round the whole building, stand the rudely sculptured likenesses of the Founders of the Church and the fathers of the City.

It is amongst these monuments the student finds his materials for his creations, and it sometimes happens, as in the eventful story one of those heads suggested to me, that, with the virtuous or heroic lives of some of the humbler sons of the people, are associated those great revolutions of the mind which from time to time have moulded and modified the creeds and governments of the earth.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE REFORMATION, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE LIFE OF GEOFFRY ARUNDEL.

SOME thirty years before the date of this story the trumpet-tongued eloquence of Luther had shaken the faith of Christendom, and, in England, the last Harry, who changed his creed with his wives, had wrought the destruction of the Romish Church by his ruthless persecution of all who remained firm to the religion of their fathers. Churches that had borrowed and assisted the power of the crown, monasteries that had received especial gifts and charters from the state, and that, in their turn—through their potent and learned priests—had moulded the subject to the sovereign's will ; all,—temple, homily and priest

—all had fallen into contempt. From Melrose to Tavistock, not an abbey retained its power, and, with other places as fatally conspicuous in their adherence to the old creed, Exeter, in its noble cathedral and its numberless religious houses, suffered grievously. No more the sound of sacred song or solemn anthem echoed through those desolate aisles—no more with the cloud-circling incense, the varied breath and bloom of flowers, the impressive picture, the miraculous relic—in all the pageantry and pomp of the great monastic orders with their sacred banners and their magical minstrelsy—no more trooped forth the gorgeous procession to rouse and awe the people into devotion. The old Moralities, those quaint religious Dramas, were no longer listened to at the Market Cross. Forgotten now the daily almsgivings, the ready refuge of the sanctuaries, the exhortations of the priests or the gentle charities of the sisterhood.

The retainers of the proud baron, or the cold courtier held high revel in the house of God, and as the stained glass rattled on the pavement, or the riven pillar shivered as it fell, many a coarse

jest marked the ruin of the pictured legend or effigied martyr trodden beneath their iron heel.

But even this did not seem enough to prove the reality of their conversion—the priests were driven from pulpit and shrine at the point of the sword, and more than one fell at the foot of the altar with the cross in their hands, whilst the people were commanded to worship in a new way, in other fashion than of old; their lips were to use the words of an unaccustomed prayer, their hearts to follow a creed which fell at first but coldly and harshly on their ears. To some, however, the simple truths of the new religion became dearer every day—not a few had always sought a freer scope than the Romish church afforded, and many worshipped from motives of interest, or the persuasions of fear.

Yet were there others who kept to the old faith, whose hearts were bound up in the associations of the past, whose friends had been laid in a grave the Catholic ritual had hallowed, whose fathers had whispered the holy truths of their creed in the hours of their childhood—men and women who had received the sign of the Cross in

those desecrated temples, who had been life-linked at the now polluted shrine, who had worshipped Sabbath after Sabbath in the same rude seats, uttered the same prayers, shared the same penances, sung the same hymns, and risen with the same hopes a hundred times before—in seasons that had become festivals of joy or anniversaries of grief.

And, amongst these, not the least known or the least popular was Geoffry Arundel, a man with a mind above his order, and of a spirit most unyielding, although softened by a nature overflowing with the warmest feelings for his kind. He had risen from the people, and although high in the City's honour, loved to look back upon his origin, and at his old porch near the South-Gate of Exeter, would tell many a tale of his earlier struggles as the welcome neighbours thronged round his threshold to taste of the tankard ever ready after the day's work was over. Geoffry was a wool-stapler, in times when all the trade centered in the West of England and the traffic had made him so wealthy that, but for the child of his widowed age he would have closed his doors against all

further custom and betaken himself altogether to the yew-seat in the orchard-garden.

Cecy Arundel well deserved the richest dower a father's hands could earn for her. With a face as round as an apple and as rosy as the blossom, and eyes sparkling with just such a light as love lurks under, and lips provocative of—but I fear me the picture is a dangerous one, and woe ! to the artist who paints *such* grapes for birds to peck at—suffice it, that whenever that rounded elbow was seen at the casement or the little ankle twinkled from beneath her kirtle as she bounded across the causeway not an eye but was turned upon the joyous face and the swaying figure of that laughing girl. Happy Geoffrey Arundel ! his age was well cared for with a child that outsung the starling at his door and who seemed helped by the Pixies in her housewifery, so clean and orderly was everything her hands touched. No wonder with such a housekeeper Master Mayor was so often invited to dinner—methinks I hear the long bell-glasses ringing over that oaken table as they gossip over the changes of the day—no wonder, with a daughter so bewitched with beauty and goodness

and mirth, his life seemed such a life of sunshine. Pilgrim and friar, bedesman and jongleur were always welcome there; the mendicant never entered without uttering his benison, and the pedlar never left without adding some fatherly gift of wimple, or boddice or rosary for the sweet and gentle Cecy.

But the father's mood had been of late sterner than was his wont—he had sighed often at the turn things had taken in the religious world. The Cathedral was now closed to the Catholics, the Council of Edward the Sixth had commanded the use of the Liturgy, and, in the temple where he had so often worshipped, the eloquence of Miles Coverdale had collected hundreds of those who had heretofore remained staunch to the old faith.

Still, although his grief increased as things became darker around him, he did not willingly rouse himself. The thought of his happy home, his cheerful fireside, his sunny garden, and above all, his well-loved child, recurred to him. At last the hour came. Whilst attending mass in the Priory of St. Nicholas, a band of soldiers came upon the worshippers. With one hand he struck

the foremost to the ground, and winding the other about his daughter, with but a few minute's stay at his home, he left the City for the Tent of the Catholics, now up and stirring in every part of the West for the preservation of their religion. He was at once invested with an honorable command, and, sending Cecy to an uncle at Newton St. Cyres, he soon returned to the walls of Exeter, calling for revenge for the persecutions they had so long and so patiently endured.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE BATTLE OF NEWTON ST. CYRES.

LONG and obstinate was the struggle. The siege of Exeter was nearly successful. In the midst of it, the Catholics issued a bold uncompromising proclamation, in which they set forth their grievances and asserted their rights. After this they met with some partial successes at Sampford Courtenay and Crediton. The Cornishmen came with their thousands into the field in their favour. Many of the leaders of the Protestant party were thrown into prison; amongst them, the father of the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh lay in the tower of St. Sidwell's Church, where his life was more than once threatened. Every hour they became more formidable, and although frequently repulsed by

the King's troops, they were acquiring a disciplined character which their increasing numbers made doubly dangerous. At length the Royal forces were strengthened by the special assistance of the state. Lord Russell, a wary general, was sent to command them, and the tide of fortune rapidly turned; the *Rebels*, for they soon became the *weaker* party, were worsted in a three-day's fight by the banks of the Clist, and at Sampford Courtenay, the scene of their first successes, four thousand of the devoted Catholics died on the field.

But the gallant few, who remained the sole relic of the once triumphant and numerous army, now not more than a thousand in number, still kept their enemies at bay. They lay encamped round the Chapel of Saint Eloys at Heavitree, where their chiefs were assembled in Council. The bold Sir Thomas Pomeroye, the last of one of the noblest names in Devon, was seated on a rude bench at the head of the group. Near him stood Gethbridge, the peasant of Sampford, who had wrought the first deed of blood in this perilous contest, and in close neighbourhood, in earnest gesticulation were the artizan leaders—the gigantic Hammond,

who in every battle had wielded with fatal force his murderous smith's hammer, Maunder and Underhill, the representatives of the Exeter Mechanics, Seager who had led the village clubmen into the field, and Ashridge, whose band of smugglers had done good service in the cause. But others were there, of more name and note. The Governor of St. Michael's Mount, and the Mayor of Bodmin, Berry and Winneslade, and Coffin, all men of mark, gave their best aid to the rude Council, whilst, with one or two other ecclesiastics, the Vicar of St. Thomas stood at the right of Sir Thomas Pomeroye, showing by his fiery eye and compressed lip that he was as ready as ever to shout the battle-hymn in the front of the dauntless Catholics. In the centre of the group, almost the only merchant remaining in the camp, stood Geoffry Arundel, his hair a thought thinner and grayer, as the head bent forward to catch the orders falling from the lips of Pomeroye.

At this moment, the sentinel opened the chapel door and announced a person in a countryman's garb, who after some little parley, was admitted.

The man, led by the sentinal, advanced to the group, and, when questioned as to his purpose there, told his brief but emphatic tale. The town of Newton St. Cyres had been pillaged the night before, and the daughter of Arundel had been carried off by one of the commanders in the Royal troops.

The tale fell upon hearts beating with the hope of revenge—the father looked but once round that wild Council. Drawing his sword, he lifted it to his lips, and asked all who would aid him to cross their weapons with his—the gleaming steel clashed from a dozen hands, and, as the order ran through the little army, the Camp was broken up.

They fell at once into the track of the enemy—in two hours they had reached Newton, and in a few minutes more they were seen cresting the hill which leads into the village. They came on in one dense mass, impelled in their irregular march by an enthusiasm which defied all order. In the centre of the little army, a moving tent was formed from the carts they had been able to collect, which being attached to each other, held the dearly prized relics of their favorite Saints,

whilst here and there fluttered the banners of the various classes which composed this motley multitude. Arundel was at once chosen by the shouts of the Catholics, to lead them to the attack.

And they had not to wait for an enemy ; on all sides they were surrounded by the Royal troops—they came from all quarters. Lord Russell with his whole strength was there, aided by Lord Gray, Sir Gawen Carew, and the rest of the Protestant leaders. And they were well prepared for their destined prey. The heavy horse bore down upon the poor Catholics in front—and the Rebels were all on foot, parties lay in ambush from behind each hedge, whilst every house held an enemy, and every loophole offered a means of attack. Wherever the fight was hottest gleamed the armour of Arundel, and by his side, the intrepid Welsh, the Vicar of St. Thomas with the cross in his hand called to the Catholics to die in the faith they had lived in. On the opposite hill stood the chaplain of the Protestant army, Miles Coverdale, who, by exhortations not less emphatic, directed the soldiery to the path of blood.

Not an inch did the Catholics lose—not for an instant did that compact mass waver. At every charge their corseS strewed the ground—they all fell where they fought, and within an hour scarcely a hundred remained to face their destroyers. But their lives had been dearly bought; friend and foe lay round in the last struggle, or with hands palsied by the death which had anticipated revenge. Arundel's dearest friends had fallen about him. He, of all, stood unscarred; his right hand still made its path through the ranks of the enemy, and whilst to the offer of "pardon!" which came from the Protestant leaders, he returned an indignant refusal, he sought in that solemn pause his last hope.

Shouting to his followers, he struck into the centre of the Protestants, and with so furious, so resistless a courage, that they seemed at once to make a lane for him. He bore on the Village Cross, which being raised some feet above the level of the road, offered an advantageous position to the few that remained.

Lord Russell galloped to the front of his army, and whilst he commanded them to desist, he

besought Arundel to take the mercy which he offered. Yes, even that hard and cruel man, who had but a few days before slain some hundreds of his prisoners in cold blood, even he was touched by the heroic courage of the brave old man.

Arundel answered the offer with a cry of derision. Seizing from the priest, Welsh, who lay wounded at his feet, the standard of his faith, he waved it for the last time around the half a dozen who stood for a few moments longer on that 'vantage-ground, and, with his gray hair fluttering from the brow which stooped only at the bidding of Death, he fell a glorious martyr in a glorious Cause—in the defence of a persecuted Creed.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

THE SCULPTOR.

QUEEN MARY now held the reins of Government, and the Catholic Religion was restored.

As soon as the priests had returned to their Churches, the first thought of all was to repair the wild havoc which the Puritans had committed in their ruthless despoiling of those sacred buildings.

In the Cathedral of Exeter many hundreds of people were busy. The nuns were covering some favorite shrine with fresh flowers or blending new sweets for the incense; the altar-lace was renewed, and cushion and footstool looked to.

The monks too were actively engaged—not a monument but received their attention; hands and feet that had been struck off were re-placed; the Crusaders that had sadly suffered, had their swords sharpened, and the contour of their war-

like faces amended by the recovery of some missing feature. Amongst other evidences of their skill, they carved in full relief the portraits of those Martyrs who had fallen in the late struggle. Every unoccupied niche now received its carved head, which in honour of the memory of the glorious dead was elaborately gilded. To many this was a labour of love—friends had fallen to whom the last offices of religion had been denied; the bare recollection of the faces that were gone for ever, was a pleasure to those who knew that nothing but this remembrance would now remain of the skeleton that hung from the Carfoix, or the blackened corse that had at Newton or Clist fed the fowls of the air.

A young monk, without companions, and who seemed to shun converse, was engaged upon a head, which from its stern beauty and the vigorous expression of the manly features, called forth the admiration of those who saw it, as they silently watched the cowed sculptor in St. Michael's Chapel.

Hour after hour, day after day past on, and the monk was still at his work. The stoup of

water by his side, brought by the old Sacristan, appeared to be the only refreshment of which he partook. Sad and silent was his task, yet when accosted he would lift his calm pure face, and with the clear full eye, smile as the questioner reproached him for his ascetic mode of study.

Many days wore on, and the head looked finished—but the monk was unsatisfied; this feature required more force, that, more delicacy; the lip wanted the smile, the brow the thought, or the eye the fire. At length, when nothing could mend the work, the gilding required to be done—and, oh! what prayers were said over it. For a whole week the Sculptor denied access to all—even the old Sacristan, who brought the accustomed beverage to the door of the Chapel, at length saw only the thin long hand stretched from within to take the water, and, at last, even this slight acknowledgment of the old man's kindness was forgotten. The Sacristan went the next morning—nothing came of it. So strict had been the injunction of the monk, that he did not dare do more than bring the usual meal.

But the third morning the old man went to the Superior of the Order, to which the young monk belonged. The Abbot was engaged in talking with a knight who had just entered the broad aisles of the Cathedral. The Sacristan went up, told his tale, and spoke of his doubts and fears. The Superior, with the Knight, followed, and their continued and fruitless enquiry at the Chapel door was ended by its being opened by the Knight.

Before the shrine, on the steps of the Altar lay that young form—the cowl had fallen from the head, the robe was loosened from the breast, and many a long unfastened tress fell around the white and graceful throat.

Sir Thomas Pomeroye, for it was he, took the carved head which lay in the arms of the Dead, and with something of awe exclaimed—

“The head of old Geoffry Arundel.”

Aye, it was the likeness of the noble old man, the work of those hands that had so often caressed the moving features and the smiling brow, the work of his devoted child who had thus shared his fate in her willing and eloquent martyrdom.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE MIRACLE.

THE Cathedral had been restored to all its former grandeur—the bells were rung with their accustomed spirit and *science*, for bell-ringing in the West is a boasted accomplishment; the choir were more assiduous than ever, the organ pealed with all its wonted power and effect; from the broad windows came, as of old, the vari-colored light, rich with the graphic lore of other ages. The monuments shone with renewed grace, the statues in their various niches stood forth in gloomier and more grim relief.

Yet that which most awoke the interest and excited the admiration of the Citizens, even more than the monarchs and martyrs in the Western Screen, or the fantastic group in the

Minstrel's Gallery, that which attracted the eyes of the Citizens most was the long row of Heads underneath the Nun's Gallery. Here were ranged the great men of Exeter in that age—now forgotten or remembered only in these mute histories. Upon those heads would the worshippers look, with love not unmixed with awe as he gazed upon the men who had fought and died for the faith of their fathers.

But the hour of danger again darkened upon them. The Puritans again arose. A body of men, who thought their God was best worshipped by the avoidance of all those attractions which rivet the eye or delight the ear, men, who in a world full of sights and scenes to soothe, to dazzle and to awe, deemed a gloomy brow and a dusky garb in a temple like a charnel house, the meet and reverential service due to the Creator of the Forest Cathedral, whose pillared shade is consecrated by the incense of the varied flowers and the thrilling harmony of the thronging birds.

The Puritans came—with musket and pike they trod the reverberating aisles. At the shrine of the saint whose death had been the date

of a thousand conversions, they gathered for the purposes of desecration. The monument endeared to the recollection of the severed and sorrowing was mutilated or despoiled, even the graves were opened for the thought of gain ; the windows, through which the light of Heaven fell reproachfully, were destroyed because they were full of the memories of them who had wrought good in the earth in a faith whose fervour *they* could not understand ; the very altar escaped not their hands, and more than a century after the Table of the Lord remained to tell men of the spot these *religionists* had chosen for their target ! But the greatest eyesore to these children of charity, was the range of heads placed to commemorate the lives and deeds of the Catholic Citizens—and their hatred took rather a whimsical turn.

They erected a scaffolding round the Nun's Gallery, and relieving each other as they tired of the work, they most carefully and elaborately *whitewashed* every bust they came to. Now, as we before said, these heads had originally been *gilded*, and this sudden change of complexion

threatened to be as grievous as it was unexpected. One after the other with the vile whitewash, which their Puritan descendants have rendered so universal through our Churches, one by one they covered these heads, and great was their joy, marked by many a quiet jest as the white surface gradually overspread, as with a penitential pallor, those reverend faces, hitherto rejoicing in the burnish and brilliancy of the gold.

Towards the close of their task they came to a head more beautifully carved and more elaborately gilded than any of the others. It stood by the Northern Transept; the head was that of a man in whom age had only served to add reverence to vigour, and to the classical manliness of the features was given an expression of abiding faith and constancy which to the Puritans was any thing but pleasing.

At it they went—with brush and pail, and after an hour's diligent work succeeded in making the head as white as could be wished. The scaffolding was then removed, for this was the last head to be thus ignominiously treated—but—horror of horrors!—on turning to look upon the result

of their labours, the head was found as yellow and bright as before their work was commenced.

The scaffolding poles were again raised—again the pious reformers went to work, and with redoubled zeal ; and when they had finished, the head was white enough, but alas ! it remained but a day. The next morning all the whitewash had vanished, and the head shone brilliant and yellow as ever. Day after day the work was re-commenced—and with exactly the same result. What the day did the night undid. As *they* said, the devils helped to work the miracle, but, as I believe, the Spirit of the Sculptor returned, and 'ere the light dawned upon the watchers, restored the features of the Martyr in all their freshness and purity.

At last the majesty of whitewash and wickedness was conquered—it was too much to be working thus idly, day after day. With many a bitter curse and withal mortified and awe-struck, they relinquished their evil purpose.

And there it stands to this day—the only bust in the whole Cathedral which has survived the pollution of the Puritan.

NOTE
TO THE FRIAR'S ORDEAL.

This Legend has been already used in a Story told by Mrs. Bray in one of her excellent Devonshire Romances. Although the Author could not hope to tell the tale with the delicacy or tact which that talented lady has displayed, yet the incident has, he thinks, enough of humorr, if not sentiment, about it to recommend itself.

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THE
FRIAR'S ORDEAL.

By the Abbey of Tavistock glideth a stream
Where the voice of the wood-dove through
summer is calling,
Her song the sole music that breaks the bard's
dream,
Save the gush of those bright waters o'er the
rocks falling.

I have wander'd at Eventide oft in that vale
When the rich light sheds o'er that gray ruin
its glory,

And have listen'd anew to the eloquent tale,
Which has made the old Abbey so famous in
story.

And the maiden whose loveliness haunts the place
still

When the moonbeams fall maketh her home
by the river,

Whilst the pale Friar passes o'er heath-track and hill,
Performing the penance he's doom'd to for ever.

The Accusation.

“ There's pippins and cheese to come.”

SHAKESPEARE.

“ Bring forth the culprit !”—round the Abbey ran
The fearful summons, and the Abbot's face
Grew dark, when gazing on that wretched man,
Who had brought down upon the holy place
Such dire disgrace.

“ Brother Bartholomew !”
The abbot spoke with emphasis most awful
And gesture solemn too—
“ Thou art accus'd of something so unlawful,

- " So terrible, so monstrous, so astounding,
 " That my tongue falters 'ere I name the sin !
 " A crime, so wonderful and so confounding,
 " That I must pause an instant to begin :
 " I speak not now of perjury or theft,
 These crimes are far too common for surprise ;
 " Nay, even a murder would not have me reft
 " So of the sober uses of mine eyes !
 " Saint Anthony defend me ! must I say it !
 " Here—in this Abbey—fam'd for men of piety
 " Who, if they owe a debt to Heaven, pay it
 " By public prayers subscribed to by Society,
 " Here—in the very centre of the place—
 " Before our holy and anointed face.
 " Nay, as the saying goes,
 " Under our sacred nose !
 " Thou, *thou*, Bartholomew, without the decent
 caution of a sinner
 " Who turns his back before he steals his dinner,
 " Thou hast admitted into thine own cell
 " That incarnation of all earthly evil,
 " That cheating, charter'd instrument of—well
 " Saint Dunstan must excuse my being too
 civil—

" That origin of sins both strange and common,
 " That creature nestling 'neath Satan's wing,
 " That mischievous, that miserable thing,
 A woman !

" Where is the shameless creature ? is she here ?"—

With trembling form and downcast eyes,
 And prayers for aid, half smother'd by her sighs,
 Whilst down the flush'd cheek stole the crystal tear,
 Full of strange fear,
 The lovely sinner, thus addressed, drew near :

Grace Runnet was a girl just past nineteen,
 Straight as an arrow, with a neck so white,
 So neat an ankle, and an eye so keen,
 That e'en the Abbot colour'd with delight ;
 And 'twas a treat to gaze on that young face,
 With the heart's freshness in its first free gush,
 To watch that figure in its native grace,
 As stoop'd the brow beneath the burning blush ;
 And hers had been a life of honest gladness,
 Sinning, no doubt, but almost without knowing it,
 And this first cloud of suffering and sadness
 Was such a change she couldn't well help
 showing it—

From her first years—the daisy-treasuring age—
 To the bright girlhood of her budding spring,
 When with her ringing laugh she mock'd the
 wing

Of the pet songster in his willow cage,
 Her greatest sin had been the Sunday smile
 Her sweetheart caught across the narrow aisle,
 At most, some shrinking and alarm'd embrace
 When the snatch'd misletoe had veil'd her face,
 Or at the worst, when the church-yews would fling
 Their gloom around each group of lad and lass,
 As their bold shadows lengthen'd on the grass,
 She might (I would not swear to such a thing)
 She might have hid her head in Philip's arms,
 Yielding a tribute in her blushing charms
 As much in pride as shame,
 To that time-hallow'd game,
 Kiss in the ring.

Thus from her youth her heart had leapt with
 mirth,
 Her voice with music ; light her laugh and song
 As was the blackbird's o'er her father's hearth,
 Or the hill-stream that bounded from his cot
 along :

And now, despite this life as pure as rude
 She now before the Father Abbot stood.

More than suspected,

If not detected,

By some strange sorcery of drawing in

This holy Friar to sin.

“ Maiden !” the Abbot cried—

A little mollified

By the great youth or beauty of the creature,

We’ll say the former,

Not to be warmer

In our description of his Lordship’s nature——

“ Maiden ! what brought thee to the Friar’s cell ?”

“ There—there he stands ! our Cellarer—poor
 man”

“ Did Satan bribe thee thus thy soul to sell

“ By bringing that weak body ’neath thy ban ?

“ Answer ! what passed betwixt thee ? raise thy
 head :”

Grace blush’d and said,

“ She had but taken from the Cellarer’s hand

“ Some half-a-dozen Ripstone pippins—and”——

Grace look’d around,

First that way, and then this,
 And then upon the ground,
 Until she murmured forth the unholy sound ;
 “ A Kiss !”

“ And thou *wast* there then !—Friar ! she hath
 confessed ;
 “ From Eve’s first apple to an Abbey pippin,
 “ The fruits of sin are always lov’d the best,
 “ And Woman e’er our best excuse for slipping ;
 “ One chance, Bartholomew, one chance remains—
 “ If this young sinner’s tale be real,
 “ If thou hast earn’d for thine unholy pains,
 “ But the kiss Satan taught thy lips to steal,
 Choose thine ordeal.

Wilt try the scalding iron in thy fingers ?
 Or by a gentle bath of boiling water ?
 Or as the hot lead in thy stomach lingers
 Wilt thou thus seek security or slaughter ?
 “ Or wilt thou rather try the nearest river”
 “ And give thyself a character for ever ?”

Now Brother Bartholomew was sleek of skin,

And very comfortable in his make,
 Not a Leander to be plunging in
 Hot or cold water for a woman's sake,
 Nor very fond, although he ne'er forgot
 A warm corrective at the proper time,
 Of swallowing any stimulant red-hot,
 And for the iron—his grasp was hardly steady,
 Besides he had his fingers burnt already.

“No!” cried the trembling Friar, “not these!
 not these!

“These are Ordeals for great men fam'd in story,”

“I would not dare the danger of such glory:

“If I must seize

“On an ordeal, let it be one more lowly,

“One quite as difficult, and just as holy,

THE ORDEAL OF BREAD AND CHEESE.

The Abbot star'd and frown'd,

But as he found

The Friar determin'd on no other mode,

And as the Ordeal *was* in their Sacred Code,

He rais'd the trembling suppliant from his knees,

And—order'd in the bread and cheese.

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Brother Gironomo brought in the cheese,
 And by its side ——
 A hatchet !

To you, whose bread and cheese may have been
 eaten,

In noontide's heat beside some trouting stream,
 The creamy Cheddar, the loaf white and wheaten,

No very hard or tough Ordeal may seem ;
 Or you, who through the woods and fields all day,

Have sought the scene of some eventful tale,
 Some roadside inn awarding for thy stay

Its Double Gloster and its amber ale ;
 Or you, who with that love of life's good things,
 Which marks alike the cottage and the court,

With whom old Stilton to the memory brings

Some grateful glass of patriarchal Port ;

Or you, who with a critic's eye may scan

The macaroni's crusted Parmesan ;

Ye little guess the reason of that look

Brother Bartholomew cast on the cheese—

A fear with which his ample body shook,

Until his waistband trembled round his knees ;
 Aye—there he stands in mad and mute dismay,

His clench'd hands rais'd and stiffen'd into
 prayer,
 Till dropping low, as falls his glance *that way* !
 He halts between devotion and despair :

His gaze is now upon the Father Abbot—
 But there is very little hope of mercy there—
 His Lordship gave the Friar that fatal stare,
 With which the sheep-dog eyes some luckless
 rabbit ;
 And then his eye around the crowd would steal
 (For 'twas a kind of *field-day* in the Abbey
 And hundreds came to see the strange Ordeal)
 But not a soul seem'd for the Friar to feel,
 Which if not singular, at least was shabby ;
 For perhaps there was not one that sigh'd or
 sneered,
 From the stout franklin with his flowing beard,
 Or the moustachioed henchman gaunt and grim,
 Or the smug trader with his whiskers trim,
 E'en to the smirk page with his downless chin,
 But *should have had* some feeling for his sin.

Not finding any comfort from the crowd,

His head once more before the court he bow'd,
 And then—his eyes he lifted, by degrees,
 Just as the culprit shudders 'neath the rope,
 Or some old rat around the gin would grope—
 Without one ray of hope,
 And with a look that might old Bacchus freeze,
 Towards that Devonshire specimen of scald milk
 cheese.:

And then, he look'd at Grace—

Poor Grace !

How strangely, sadly gaz'd she round the place,
 How heartily she wished herself away—
 With her young sisters in their lightsome play,
 Or in the love-link'd circle of her home,
 Or at her proud place in the parish choir;
 Or in the settle by the warm wood-fire,
 Grouping her garden favourites round her room,
 Or 'neath the wrought quilt on her heather bed,
 Where, when her prayers were said,
 And Philip's faults forgotten or forgiven,
 And his last love-gift folded on her breast,
 She lay—a dream of loveliness in rest—
 The sweetest, saintliest picture this side heaven.

But there she saw the Friar's pleading look,
 Save me! 'twas plainer far than words could
 make it,

And now, her generous resolve she took,
 And being a woman, be sure there's nought
 could shake it.

Albeit, the good Friar had confess'd her often,
 And never made her penances too rigid—
 A thought not badly tim'd her heart to soften—
 A heart—I like her for it—not *too* frigid ;

And for the kiss she suffer'd him to take,
 Why, in itself there's little harm in kissing,
 And given as 'twas, half for Religion's sake,
 She took it from the Father like a blessing :

One glance she gave the horrible Ordeal,
 Detested produce of a Devon dairy !
 One thought for Philip—and one mute appeal
 For the blest aid of some benignant fairy :

No ! he shall never choke with cheese like that,
 Those reverend teeth shall never fall for me,
 Nor in that cheese their sad destruction see,
 A cheese they can't get at
 Without a hatchet !

Guard, ye good spirits ! in this evil hour
 His poor old life, and with your wondrous power
 Be pleas'd to watch it.

There was a brief pause in that solemn hall,
 The anxious hush of harrowing suspense—
 A trembling earnestness crept over all,
 Shook every limb, and stole o'er every sense ;
 The very windows threw a gloomier light,
 Whilst arch and stall their frowning shadows
 flung,
 When from that crowd, just at the Friar's right,
 Came the bold accents of a well-known tongue ;

“ Try the Lord Abbot's cheese ! you'll find it,
 Friar,
 “ Folded within a diaper of tabbinet
 “ In the first panel of the saffron cabinet,
 “ Where, if his Lordship will remember rightly,
 “ He keeps the wassail bread and Sherris wine,
 “ A very generous wine, if taken nightly,
 “ For those poor souls who to confess incline : ”

Deep was the dreadful stupor—did she dare

Use words like these, about the Abbot there !
 But Grace proceeded—with a blush 'tis true,
 Awaken'd by the cause she had in view——
 “ Your Lordship will remember, if you please,
 “ For in *his Trial* it may be useful too,
 “ The uncommon *virtue* of *that* bread and cheese :”

The Abbot was struck dumb—the cheese was
 brought,

 And——swallowed ;

And o'er the Friar a miracle was wrought,
 For he, who all men heretofore were taught
 To hold as very mischievous and naught,

 Was now held hallowed ;

And not a single maiden, I'll be bound,
 Would have look'd wickedly there, after this,
 Much more have squeez'd his hand or snatch'd
 a kiss,

 For ten miles round.

 But—Grace ?

Surely she never could have had the face
 To meet the folks of Tavistock again ?
 I only know that in the Walcombe glen,

Just where the Tavy meets its sister stream,
She lived with Philip in so trim a cot,
Husbanding all her beauty, that his lot
Might pass as sweetly as a summer dream,
That better men might leave the sphere they
move in,
For such a life of gardening and loving.

PREFACE.

The hero of the following sketch is a personage of such celebrity that the Author has been at some pains to arrive at the veritable circumstances involved in his singular career. Many have spoken, some have written, and all have heard of him; but except in the immediate neighbourhood of his birth, where his own recital of the adventures is even yet recollected, the paucity of information on so romantic a theme is remarkable. Although actually living in the last century, a popular, and deservedly popular, Authoress has bestowed much trouble in making us believe he figured in the Times of the Commonwealth!

BICKLEIGH.

THE Villages of England ! There is something cheering and joyous in the very sound. With how many hours of tranquil enjoyment, or honest, hearty pleasure, are they not associated. How all our *holiday life*, our recollections of *fine days* and the feelings that accompany them, is connected with the country. How now, with the breath and beauty of a hundred hills, comes the grateful thought of hours spent in some one of our lovely Villages.

And the West is peculiarly happy in these little communities, whose grouped dwellings at the side or foot of some woody upland, and within

ear of the music of some sparkling stream, give all that now remains to us of the more picturesque features of our national character.

May-day is nowhere May-day now, save in the more distant or secluded hamlets. Christmas has lost much of his jovial bearing, and but for the crackling of the ashen-faggot in the vaulted chimney of the old farm, we should almost suspect the worthy old fellow of a desire to merge his dignity in the utilitarianism of the age. Whit-Sunday? where are the girls now, with boldness enough to troop merrily to the parish church in their simple frocks of virgin white and their fresh-gathered garlands of wild-flowers. Hot-cross-buns? mercy on your ignorance! why there is scarcely a family now, willing to confess a serious faith in the old superstition—they are all ashamed of the thing. Not one of them will fairly own to having gone to see the lamb dance in the saint's well, on the dawn of one of their earliest Good Fridays. No! if a holiday is looked for now, it is not that the meadow may ring with the shouts of the cricketers, or rebound with the eccentric course of the foot-ball, or that the belfry may echo to the deep full peal,

or the scientific chime. No ! now a holyday is given to some parade of "odd fellows" who shame the word by the dry monotony of their business-like countenances, or else devoted to some sanctimonious procession of men whose faces render their boast useless that they never touch the creamy foam of the famous English ale.

But the *country*, is not yet—the Gods be thanked ! wholly given up to the rage for silver bibs and toast and water. There is still many a man to be found whose eyes will gleam at the rising beads in a clear glass of genuine October—many a man, who flinging his firkin on his shoulder, still goes to his field-work rejoicing, and on coming home again—*home*, by the side of the comely mother of his rosy children, can still relish the smack of the cider his own hands have pounded, and the vigorous whiff of the fragrant pipe his pocket has treasured for the last ten years.

But not only all the healthier and heartier enjoyments of life seem associated with our village life, but to me the play of the passions seems to have a more legitimate and more natural course.

Even avarice : mean as it always must be in its character, it seems to wear a bolder and less compromising aspect here. Many anecdotes are still current of the manner in which money was not many years since, freely lent—not by coins carefully counted and grudgingly transferred, but by measures of money in dishes capable of holding a considerable sum, the party returning the loan being wholly trusted as to the exactitude of his repayment. Of one of these dishes of which many are in existence, I have preserved a sketch, that we may not wholly lose sight of a circumstance so honorable to human nature.

It would be somewhat hard to say that *love* could not exist *anywhere*, after the truthful and graphic descriptions of Charles Lamb and Dickens, but if the corner of a counting-house can be enshrined by the fugitive little god, or the bare walls of a dark attic can be cheered by his visitings, surely in the broad sunshine of the glorious vallies of our land, he must reign with uninterrupted sway.

And although nowhere on Earth shall we find a household unvisited by sin, or suffering, or

sorrow, yet the Villages of England seem to bear the impress of a simplicity and good faith, which are the best barriers to the subtleties of intrigue, or the inroads of vice.

Nor can I separate from the country my holiest associations of the past. When in our towns, rich as they are with relics of the olden time, there is so much to mar the whole, in the obtrusion of the *imposing* stucco and the flimsy balcony, that I can never honestly look an old house in the face. I must see it with its walled garden, its tough old doorway, and its frowning front, grim in its very solitariness.

Now in the country there are dozens of such houses——with their trees of fantastic yew, their jealously kept corner of herbs, their borders of marigolds, and their trimly trained arbours of brier. I have such a house in my eye now,—a house with its three stories of firm granite, its massy staircase of old oak, its stately row of chesnuts in front, its hospitable porch, its modish summerhouse and its green garden gods, whose leafy features seem always playing some prank with the shears of the gardener. About such a house what stories may

there not be—there, 'neath the old hearth-stone, was found the crock of treasure, whose rusty guineas gave the lucky man his grand house and his broad acres——there stands the old clock, which having been *witched* by the beldame at the road-side hovel, has not gone for a score of years, whilst every one can tell you the famous story of that man, the last of his name, the old Hawthorne the hunter, who having been bitten by one of his hounds, was murdered in his madness by his impatient sons—the room is still closed, and not a soul amongst them has ever entered the scene of his death. The best mourners of the sportsman seem to have been his pack of hounds, for within a week of his murder every dog had died in the kennel.

But our villages are full of hundreds of such legends. Now there is Bickleigh, lying by the quiet Exe, at a turn in the river where its course for ten miles may be marked, through orchard and meadow, and woodland and corn-field, till the eye loses its silver windings round the Pennsylvania hills.

Glorious scene ! on either side a boundary of

trees sloping down to the very margin of the stream. For an instant glance at this point of the view; towards the Abbey wood the merry little stream of its tributary the Dart sparkling through its own sweet valley pours its waters into the Exe. At the meeting of the streams, the old court of the Carews is seen, and in the middle distance, the ruinous mansion of Treemill rises, whilst on your left, occupying the crest of that green hill, stands Bickleigh.

There is no spot in the West more full of interest. In that room of the Vicarage which looks towards the river, was born the famous BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW, and as History as well as Tradition has been busy with his name, it may not be amiss to enter a little upon his life, inasmuch as more than one of the best authors of the day, and with them our own celebrated novelist, Mrs. Bray,^a have made some strange and unpardonable mistakes as to the time when the King of the Beggars reigned in England.

I find in looking at the Parish Register, where his birth is commemorated by the planting of a yew-tree by his father, the Rev. Theodore Carew,

that he "was baptized on the 23rd day of September, anno domini, 1690."

The very birth of our hero is connected with a popular legend. The families of Bampfylde and Moore, two of the most illustrious of the West, were each desirous of giving Carew his *first* name, and the friendly contest was decided by the somewhat undignified procedure of spinning a coin in the air. The story of his killing the favorite stag of one of his father's friends in a hunting excursion, which destroyed half the corn-fields in his course, is well known. His subsequent absconding from the Tiverton Grammar School, and his prolonged absence from his home, is also pretty familiar to the rising generation. None, however, seem to have understood his motives, or touched the key to his feelings.

In that age when opinions were so unsettled, that honorable employment was to a great extent, uncertain, and all the usual professions to which a gentleman leans, were subject to the most fatal corruption and the most tyrannous overbearance, it cannot form matter of wonder that to the mind of the young Carew, the free life and open vaga-

bondism of the Gypsy, should have had many and impressive charms. And when the serious dilemma in which he found himself involved by his school delinquencies, had driven him from his father's house, the life he adopted seemed the most obvious pursuit for him.

But he did not take the oaths of his catholic profession without feeling the importance henceforward to be attached to his public career. As a "*solicitor*" his memory is immortalized by many a story most honorable to his character, and I question if all the lawless leviers that ever lived, from Rob Roy to Alexander, could have adduced so many and such good reasons for their depredations. If he deceived, it was always the niggardly, the knavish, or the tyrannical, and for his *generous* moments, not an inn in the West of England but was the better for his exploits, as his fame formed the inspiring theme of conversation, whilst not a few have by his glorious revels been rendered famous for ever.

He looked upon his profession, as every man should, who seeks a life-path, as a noble and elevating one. He saw that it gave enormous

power for good or harm, was untrammelled by the intricacies of law, enjoined a strict observance of honour amongst the fraternity, gave an useful and most curious insight into human nature, and made a man independent of most of the contingencies of life.

He saw too, the general and often undisguised cheateries of the world—its grave quakery, its proverbial insincerity. In all professions he saw talent defeated by technicality, and fact destroyed by phrase—and had he lived in the present day, how much the Bubble *Assurance* Companies or the Railway Frauds would have strengthened him in his position ; at any rate his *calls* were much less imperious and vastly more amusing.

Nor were the dangers incident to his *ancient mystery* without their charms. He loved to tease the country magistrates with the memory of deceptions practised on themselves. Not an usurer in the neighbourhood but had obliged Bampfylde with a loan—*alone* without *interest*. From the Mayor of degenerate Bradninch to the Beadle of Chittlehampton, not an official but had suffered in his dignity or compromised his character by his charity.

At one moment he would, after, having robbed the wreck, be a shipwrecked sailor, at another a bankrupt tradesman—the samaritan who had relieved in the morning the victim of paralysis, would 'ere dusk be surprized into commiseration by the ravings of an outrageous lunatic. The crusty butler who had driven the honest tinker from the gate without his cup of cider and his commission, would before half an hour had gone down upon his wrath, be melted by the conscience-striking presence of a *promising* matron with three or four fatherless babies. He had a tale suited to every ear. The banker was beguiled by a story of money lent without security, the lawyer by an account of an estate wrested from the rightful heir, the soldier by scars unparalleled, the religious man by the frenzied zeal of the fanatic or the morbid inquietude of a despairing sinner. From the bluff demand of the weather-beaten sailor stumping on his one leg over every body's toes, to the crawling shuffle of the miserable mendicant with his interminable whine, his

“linked sweetness long drawn out,”

their is scarcely a suffering to which poor human

nature is prone, that was not feigned by our Protean hero.

But he did not always escape unscathed—often “in durance vile” he mourned over his transgressions, but uncaged he was at his haunts again, with the old love strong upon him. Twice he crossed the Atlantic on a reforming trip, but he was always home before the term of his intended education had expired. There is a graceful heroism about one of his feats that deserves a record. Escaping from his confinement in one of our colonies, after ridding himself by the kindness of the Indians of an iron collar welded round his neck, he came to a broad river, by whose side some horses were running wild. Catching one of them, he, with the animal's aid forded the stream, and the kiss of joy he gave his dumb deliverer, was perhaps as gratefully felt as the most rapturous embrace of the fondest mother, or the happiest wife.

Early in life he married, and amidst all the wild excitement of his eventful career, the generous devotion of this woman was one of his chief sources of consolation. For even with him, light-hearted as he was, there were seasons when he saw in his way of life many reasons for repining.

The ambition which always seems to have been a part of his character, was at last rewarded ; the Brotherhood lost their sovereign, the celebrated **CLAUDE PATCH**, and at an election of unusual solemnity, selected from many candidates, and with enthusiastic approval, Bampfylde Moore Carew was chosen Monarch of the most extensive and most contented kingdom of the earth.

The address of the old man on abdicating his throne, was much finer and infinitely more to the point than that of any prince who ever thus resigned his power, not even excepting the American Presidents. I wish I could report it at length ; the fearless tone of unflinching morality inculcated amongst themselves, and the ingenious methods he suggested in the levying of their taxes upon the pity, pride, vanity, remorse, love or grief of the world, was altogether admirable. He died full of years and honour, leaving *eighteen* children, and a couple of thousand pounds, behind him.

And Carew was at least no unworthy successor. He exhausted the resources of his fertile imagination in schemes for the aggrandisement of his people. Although contributing far more largely

than any of his companions to the general fund, he made the fewest calls on the exchequer. Every day gave him new successes, and these successes became more lucrative every hour. Many would willingly pay something to *see* the King of the Beggars, and those, to whom he went disguised paid more largely than ever to the matured and refined appeals of the accomplished *solicitor*.

In 1745, our hero proceeded to the North, for the purpose of joining, with his subjects, the advancing army of the Pretender. The alliance, however, did not continue long. As soon as the Stuart's troops became more disciplined, Carew left with all his forces for the camp of Cumberland. History is unfortunately silent as to his deeds, but we may easily imagine the heroism and prowess of one gifted with unusual strength, and inspired by all the fire of ancient chivalry.

On his return into the West, when, as upon all similar occasions, the bells of Bickleigh rung their merriest welcome, he determined on retiring from his busy life, and after his brilliant reign, resigning his crown into the hands of his people.

He met the worshipful fraternity in their fullest force, the halt, the lame, and the blind amongst the lightest and the liveliest, on Blackdown heath. As soon as he had addressed them, and expressed his intention, they as firmly told him, one and all, that they would have no other King, and the oak-apple crown, interspersed with dog-rose and hawthorn berry, was re-placed on his brow by the fairest of his subjects. A right merrie ballad, and pathetic withal, was trolled in his praise, and the day, and a day or two more, was spent in the most unrestrained rites of good-fellowship.

Bampfylde however felt that, having exerted his best vigour in the service of his people, he had a right to devote the rest of his years to quiet and contemplation; and his daughter, a girl of singular beauty, as Tradition every where describes her, being married to a thriving yeoman, the good king, taking a very humble abode, remained until his death in the retirement of his native village.

He never left his house, but all the dogs of the neighbourhood followed him, so great a favorite had he been all his life with these faithful creatures. To this day he has the reputation of having

been a dog stealer, but I incline to believe that these animals, with the sagacity they are celebrated for, instinctively shewed their fondness for a man both adventurous and good humoured.

To his other accomplishments he added the acquirements of the rat-catcher, and scarcely a barn or a stack in the country but had given evidence of the skilful training of his ferrets.

His evenings were generally spent at the Village Forge, enchanting the group round the blacksmith's fire, with the story of his life.

On the 27th of March, 1757, he buried his wife, his devoted Mary, a stroke he never recovered.

The following year he felt his eye darken, and his foot fall heavier, and one night when the cold lay round his heart, and his pain almost denied the utterance of his wish, he sent for the Parish priest.

He recollected the happy hours he had spent in the old Church, the satisfied attendance in the family pew—in after years his half-ashamed entrance into the porch—and of late, his more frequent and more grateful participation in the service. Not a corner of the old building but

was familiar to his memory—the grotesque arms of the sovereign over the entrance, still flaring with the superfluous loyalty of the Restoration of the “Merry Monarch”—the imposing monument of his gallant ancestors, the quaintly carved reading-desk, the frowning pulpit in which his father had so often preached, the simple tablet to his mother’s memory, all were as visible to him as in earlier life. From the first memento of the Carews in the rude chancel to the cassock chest in the old belfry, where so many peals had been rung in honor of his return, not a single bench of the old oak seats or the famous singing gallery, but was before him, now.

How natural then his wish for the last consolation of the Church ; but he asked in vain—his messenger was told that the dying man had been too wicked for such hopes—too sinful for such solace.

Poor Carew with all the strength he could gather up, sent the old villager, who had offered the kindness, to Tiverton for the consecrated wine, and with his moving lips he followed the beautiful service of the Church of England, read in that awful hour with touching piety by the voice of his daughter.

On the Midsummer Eve, which even now brings so many of the Villagers in the dead of night to the Church porch, with the mournful fear that the spirits of those friends they shall lose in the coming year will pass before them—in the height of the Summer, when the good God of the woods and fields is abroad in all his gladness, the father's eyes were closed, and the body apparalled in its death-dress by the hands of his only child.

He was buried on the 28th of June, 1758. Although his corse was poorly covered, it was well borne and sufficiently attended ; the stoutest of the Village youths were his willing bearers, and groups of children who had listened enrapt to the old man's stories, or received some gentle kindness from him, followed their silent friend to his grave : and although the mound of earth that hides him, has neither head-stone nor cross, the thrushes that sing all the year round, and all the night long in this lovely valley, do not forget their old companion of the woods ; whilst the wild flowers grow up with more than even their usual grace and luxuriance, round the wild, yet picturesque memorial of BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

ANNIE LINDON.

A TALE.

PART I.

I.

Near Okment's stream a Cottage stands,
Old, simple, rude—a ruin now ;
I knew it when its master's hands
Were busy on that rock's cold brow,
For he had made a wild, bleak hill,
Most beautiful with trees and flowers,
E'en now methinks I see him still
In one of those neglected bowers——

There, with his child—a fair hair'd girl,
 At set of sun his wont would be
 To read or talk, whilst in the whirl
 Of youth's delight, about some tree,
 She gather'd garlands quaint and rare
 To throw around his long grey hair.

II.

How fair she was, that gentle child,
 And yet you could not name the grace
 Which made her beautiful—she smiled,
 And you forgot the smile to trace ;
 Or else it dwelt so much in all
 Her laughing features, that you sought
 In vain its image back to call,
 To learn the gentle art she wrought :
 Her eyes were of the softest blue,
 Nor dark nor light, but Heaven's own hue,
 When through the azure arch appears
 The rainbow blending love and tears ;
 Or as the stream, through whose pale flow
 The sundew danceth to and fro ;
 And then her lips—if you were bid
 To linger where the rose lies hid,

And watch the sunlight—crimson'd thief,—
 Steal the morn's kiss from off her leaf,
 Then were the flower's trembling grief,
 Melting to rapture, as her breast,
 Its vermeille heav'd in languid rest,
 Fit image of that lip, which curl'd
 Would garner sunshine for the world.

III.

Her face was round, yet not too full—
 Her form was lithe, yet not too slight—
 She mov'd as if the Beautiful
 Were but a name for life and light ;
 If she ran by—the golden beam
 Would so commingle with her hair,
 That 'ere you watch'd or thought, 't would seem
 As if its home and source were there.
 Or, if arrested as she flew
 To some bright bud of tempting hue,
 She stood as if from earth was born
 Th' incarnate Spirit of the Morn.

IV.

A proud old man was Lindon then,
 Proud in the pride of mind and heart ;

Tho' living all for other men,
 Yet working in *his* world apart.

A narrow world—within four walls,
 A few old books, a few wild weeds
 Are all the instruments he calls
 For lofty thoughts or loftier deeds ;
 A narrow world ? Galileo's cell
 Was all the world and more to him,
 A narrow world ! would Dante sell
 His dungeon for a diadem ?
 A narrow world ! could Raleigh live
 Within a world less broad than his ?
 A narrow world ! whose power can give
 Future and Past a thought that is !
 A narrow world ! God's world and ours,
 The thought-link'd course from Earth to
 Heaven ;
 A pilgrimage through paths of flowers,
 With worlds of light for pauses given !
 A narrow world within four walls,
 A few old books, a few wild weeds,
 Are all the ministering powers
 For lofty thoughts, and loftier deeds.

v.

He lived apart from other men,
 But not from scorn or hate, but love ;
 And in the garden or the glen,
 The moor, the wayside, or the grove,
 Gather'd the power that should make
 Him potent for his daughter's sake :

For she was all of Earth he knew,
 Save a dim dream of love and lore,
 And she, in him felt heaven was true—
 Yet were they what mankind calls poor.

Poor ! what know they who use the word,
 Of riches, save the wealth of gold ;
 Where hath the hollow worldling heard
 Of the proud faith the poets hold ?
 Of love which knows no bound in time,
 Of love which lives through all but crime,
 And even when it cannot share
 The dark guilt, will the danger dare,
 The wealth increasing as you spend,
 Ever returning where you lend,
 Making a palace of the cot,

A garden of the dreariest spot,
 Giving to features harsh or dull
 An aspect of the beautiful :
 'Twas this their life of pleasure wrought,
 A life the world's wealth ne'er confers ;
 The old man's was the wealth of thought,
 The wealth of home-affection hers.

VI.

Yet darkness fell around that place,
 A cloud that turn'd to white his hair,
 And took the sunshine from her face,
 To leave its gloomy mantle there ;
 A darkness, deeper for the light
 That 'erewhile shone upon his sight,
 A cloud, 'neath which he bow'd his head
 To find his life-dreams dark and dead.

Not in a day, but thought by thought,
 Down the sad course of tempted years,
 Fell that fair creature—rainbow-caught
 Like sunlight wavering into tears :
 She fell, as others fair as she,
 'Neath man in his *humanity*,

She fell—the liar by her side
 Mocking his idol in her pride,
 She fell—the murderer round her spirit
 Hovering, as vulture round his prey,
 Darkening the lark's last hope of day,
 Bearing her soul far, far away,
 From all that love and truth inherit.

VII.

The hour came—the father sunk
 Beside his hearth-stone on his knees,
 To curse the wither'd girl that shrunk
 For fear the curse on both should seize ;
 The door was closed upon the form
 That had so often enter'd gladly,
 And in the night-cloud and the storm
 Crept the poor maiden, ah ! how sadly :
 She crept beside the garden wall,
 Where, as a child, in summer she
 Had laid so oft with fingers small
 The Bible on her father's knee :
 A light was in the lattice yet,
 She turn'd and gave one long, last look,
 And tho' her eyes with tears were wet,

And tho' her limbs with terror shook ;
 Yet every thing within that room
 Was clear as in the noontide glare,
 And seem'd to borrow from the gloom
 But the distinctness of despair ;

VIII.

The old man's hair was silver white,
 And round about his cold brow hung,
 Whilst 'neath his clasp'd hands buried quite,
 His face upon that book he flung,
 That book to both their memories dear,
 With words of love in every leaf,
 That day by day and year by year,
 Link'd them in gladness or in grief :
 But dark to him its brightest page,
 The single bearer of his name,
 The gentle cheerer of his age,
 His only child—a child of shame !

IX.

And he, with whom every star in the sky,
 Had a being, a place, and a history,
 He, to whom every herb in the field

Could minister health and healing yield,
 Who had watched the winds in their calm or wrath,
 Till he knew their homes and track'd their path,
 Who had watched the fire of the living God
 Till his mind in its lightning-temples trod,
 Who had pac'd the earth with a will of his own,
 And erected his altars of iron and stone,
 Who had sped thro' each clime with an eagle's wing
 Till the people fell down worshipping,
 Who had gather'd the elements up in his hand,
 With a prophet's hope and a king's command :

There, in his knowledge, his pride and his power,
 With the spirit of youth and the wisdom of years,
 There he lay crush'd 'neath the crime of an hour,
 A weak old man, with an old man's tears ;
 Vain his science and vain his art,
 His future hopes, his hard earn'd fame,
 Vain as the groan that comes from his heart,
 As he utters—how wildly ! his daughter's name.

x.

She waited not for another sound,
 She is off and away with a maniac's bound,

Over the rock, and through the lea,
And down on her knees by the willow tree.

That night the damp moss lay under her head,
And its twisted roots were her mournful bed ;
That night a living soul was born,
Whose sinless eyes were clos'd 'ere morn ;
That night, men prowld around the birth ;
And cries of murder shook the earth ;
That night a hundred tongues had given
An infant angel place in heaven.

PART II.

I.

They chained her down in the felon's cell,
That fair young girl in her pride and her prime,
And the world in its wisdom rung her knell,
And gave her to death in the hour of her crime.
O pity, and pardon, and love I claim
For the erring, the friendless, the poor,
Think that ye add to the annals of shame,
But the guilt of one murder the more :
They chain'd her down in the felon's cell,
From mercy, from charity driven ;
They made her familiar with works of hell,
That she never might hope for heaven :
Ye daughters of earth ! ye are all, all, weak,
Not an hour do ye rest from sin,
Dry up the tear from the Criminal's cheek,
And take the Deserted one in.

To the haunts of the wrong'd and the fallen go,
 Awake to the mission of love,
 Think that every sister you save below
 Is a sister to meet above.

II.

An old man bends 'neath the prison gate,
 And paces the felon's floor,
 And now with straining eye doth he wait
 On the step of the dungeon door :
 He wrings not his hand, nor furrows his brow,
 Nor marks the throb of his beating heart,
 He hath come with the pride of a father now
 To act his father's part.

They meet together—not eye to eye,
 Nor heart to heart, nor hand to hand,
 They meet in the welcome of silence and sigh,
 A welcome both can understand ;
 They meet together—father and child—
 Yet there is not a smile or their faces wild,
 Not a tear in their eye, not a pause in their breath,
 Not a sound, save the hammer's rebound,
 As the workmen without prepare the ground
 For her death.

III.

For her death !

Aye ! the brave world are hurrying to and fro,
That none may be late for the glorious show ;
The man with every vice on his heart
Has come *there* to act the doomsman's part ;
The hoary sinner whose leprous life,
With the practice of charter'd sin is rife ;
The profligate with his unhallowed jest,
In the feast of crime is a willing guest ;
The man in whom every passion had died,
Ere manhood had taught him the power to feel,
Is there in his hollow and heartless pride
To add to her sentence *his* solemn seal :
And the sage is there with his hard, cold face,
By the side of the scholar taking his place,
And whilst the one utter'd his stern proud law,
The other grew sadder from all he saw :
Yet was he there with the rest, to hurl
Into eternity one of his race,
Was there to mock a weak young girl,
And witness her death's disgrace.
And woman was there with her meek mild eye,
Bright with a demon's extacy,

Watching with pleasure that scene of blood ;
 Woman, the minister sent from above
 To guide us and cheer us with words of love,
 Man's first best gift from the hand of God ;
 Woman was there whose eye had blest
 The first sweet sleep of the infant's rest,
 Woman whose gentle fingers close
 The eye of age in its last repose,
 Woman whose smile is our light to good,
 Woman whose sigh is our solace in woe,
Her eye flash'd on that scene of blood,
 And *her* smile gleam'd on the fearful show.

IV.

" Sacrifice ! sacrifice !
 " Joy to the bell !
 " Every sound will bring her a breath
 " Nearer her death."

The father rais'd up his child from the ground,
 And breath'd on her haggard cheek ;
 Once and again came the heavy sound
 As it swung with its heartless creak :

“ Sacrifice ! sacrifice !

“ Hath she not sinn’d

“ An hour hence not all our prayers shall warm

“ That fair young form.

The father bent o’er his daughter’s face,

He thought of his home on the hill,

And breath’d his last kiss on the last of his race,

With a prayer that the kiss might kill :

“ Sacrifice ! sacrifice !

“ Why do we wait ?

“ Shall not our Maker’s image,” they sang

“ In its dog-death hang.”

v.

They came in all their callous parade,

With voices and faces and robes all trim ;

The hangman was there with the badge of his trade,

And the priest—ah ! the Bible was carried by him,

And he read aloud from the Book he bore,

The words of the Saviour, “ Repent and *Live* ;

“ Shall man dare slay if a God forgive !

“ I have said to the doom’d, ‘ Go and sin no more.’ ”

They came to the cell for the poor young thing,
 They might have been saving and solacing :

Whom hath the Guilty to solace her now ?
 Who is that old man that bends o'er her brow !
 That hangs round her neck and feeds on her
 breath :

And clasps her as closely as soon shall Death.
 Father and child ! oh mark them well !
 Think what she was to him 'ere she fell,
 How often have grey hair and golden tress
 Met as now—but in hours of happiness ;
 His hands are busy about each curl,
 Which the hangman's fingers are ready to grasp,
 And fall round the neck of the fair young girl ;
 Yet the halter's shall soon be a closer clasp.

Who shall sever that long embrace ?
 Who harshly tear away face from face ?
 Who dare the struggling hands to part ?
 Or break the throbbing of heart with heart ?

But they cannot wait—the death-bell's sound
 Hath brought the cold men sternly round ;

“ Sieze them ! part them ! why do ye start !

“ Take off his hands from the woman’s head ;

“ What dost thou see that so slow thou art ?

“ *The Dead in the arms of the Dead !* ”

VII.

The Herbalist’s poison had quickly wrought,
And from lip to lip had reached breath, blood,
brain,

O judge them not for the death they sought,

We have only a right to *mourn* for the slain :

For if every murder the world hath made,

From its Glory-sword to its Mammon-spade,

Were strewed in the path of the rich and the
brave,

Every man’s step would be over a grave.

VIII.

Start not ! frown not ! listen, and think :

Look in yon chamber cold,

Doth thy manly frame from a young girl shrink,

And she sixteen summers old ?

Ere yonder sun comes round again
 To light her lattice high,
 Her eye shall be turned from earth and men,
 Toward her parent sky :
 Her sister was the elder born,
 Death's shadow is round her ;
 Lift not thy finger in jest or scorn,
 Nor thy blood with anger stir—
 A man had blasted the fame of the one,
 A man sold the breath of the other,
 And they who should have looked upon
 A husband and a brother,
 In the stinted meal or the felon's rank,
 Had only a murderer's aid to thank :

Now turn your gaze on the places you build
 That men may be wiser and better,
 I say not the rich man's chains ye gild,
 That ye loosen the proud man's fetter :
 I say that ye raise but Temples for sin,
 Pest-houses, where every time
 You drag fool or felon or debtor in,
 You educate men for crime—
 Potent law, which kills in men

Feelings it never can waken again,
Which in its foul end, and its fierce control,
Strives to murder both body and soul.

It is not enough that Death stalks round,
In the crowded haunt and the battle-ground,
You must bribe him well that he shall not fly
The slaves of your inhumanity ;
And that the wide world may fear and feel
The frown of the tyrant to whom you kneel,
You build him a shrine on your schools of Error
That love never might do the work of terror,
And that men might see in their path to good,
How cheap is the price of a brother's blood.

IX.

“ Ye want not torches, the moon has light
“ For three hours yet to save the night ;
“ I like not their flickering blaze on my brow,
“ The silver crescent shall serve us now.
“ Down, down, deep ! let their grave be low,
“ I would not the world this place should know ;
“ Under the roots of the old oak tree
“ Make your way, but save flowers and moss,

- " For I would not a village child should see
 " Their resting place 'neath the Roadside Cross.
 " Lift the coffin-lid, friend, once more :
 " Aye, their hands lie clasped as I've seen them
 often,
 " (Often, on many a day before—
 " 'Tis a sight that an old man's heart may soften.
 " Throw in the herbs I have striven to gather,
 " Butter-wort, marigold, thyme, and rue—
 " Deeds of mercy were done by her father,
 " Things which no man but he could do.
 " I have sought the weeds from hill and glen,
 " From heath and shingle and forest and fen,
 " Some he hath used, when the Evil Eye
 " Hath wither'd the pride of a family ;
 " With some he hath solac'd the sorrow-sick,
 " With some he hath calm'd the lunatic,
 " But ever I ween was his pride to give
 " The medicines that make men love and live.

 " Bury them low, the flowers shall spread
 " In the coming summer over their head ;
 " That maiden I recollect used to be
 " Gentle in deeds of charity.

“ And so happy her heart as she went along,
“ That there was not a bird but gave her a song,
“ And I feel that their mournful notes will fall
 “ Like the prayers of the sinless round the sod ;
“ Let us hope, then, their songs may help to call
 “ Her erring spirit back to her God.”

THE MINSTREL GALLERY.

THIS very picturesque part of the Exeter Cathedral, standing on the north side of the building and now partially occupied as the Record Office, was formerly tenanted by the Vergers and their families, who have successively for a couple of centuries at least, passed their quiet lives in this gloomy and singular habitation. The broad arch which opens within upon the body of Church is crossed below by a carved screen, on which are sculptured in bold relief the musicians of a past age with their now obsolete instruments. The Gallery is reached by a flight of spiral steps, from which you pass into a broad staircase opening into a roomy and dusk nook, whose grave aspect and its serial connection with the groined roof, well fit it for the scene of some romantic tale. The incident related in the second part of this sketch is based upon a well-treasured Tradition.

THE MINSTREL GALLERY.

A LEGEND OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

UP this rugged staircase, now worn with the footsteps of a dozen generations, in former years came often the forms of two, long since forgotten, who dwelt in this crumbling corner of the old Church—the Sacristan and his son.

The fire that lit that old nook has still left its embers in the unfrequented place, and many a trifling memorial the curious may yet mark of the ancient inhabitants of the Minstrel Gallery.

It would be about two hundred years ago, now, that one night, cold even under the sheltering groins of that old arch, the Sacristan sat beside the

wood-fire, lifting, from time to time, to his eager lips, a well filled flagon of ale that stood beside him, not, however, without offering a fair share to a man as old as himself, and equally bald of brow, who sat on the other side of the fire.

"Humphrey," cried the Sacristan, "tell us that story you promised us last night of your trick on the Chapter."

"Aye, that will I," willingly assented the other, "and it will teach your lad there, never to be distressed under misfortune. A good providence, my dear Hubert——pass the can this way——is always to be trusted.

"When I was first appointed to the honorable and ancient office of Dog-whipper, here; and that was in the same year Good Queen Bess—rest her soul!—died, the great people of the Cathedral rather grudged me the office; they said, 'What will Humphrey Crouch do for his money'—the thriftless fools! Did I not ring for all the great days, or at any rate see that the others rang, which is better than the same thing. Did I not coax the matin-bell for the morning preacher, and leave open St. Catherine's Gate at Curfew that

the gay Custos might steal in. To say nothing of strewing the pulpit-cover with pepper that the wheezy Chancellor should not send the people to sleep, or hiding away the tankards of the Vicars—the graceless varlets! when they wanted to be more than usually striking in the anthem. Oh! Hubert, it was wicked to say I didn't earn my money. But people are all ungrateful, and one day the Precentor, who, poor man, had so full a habit of body that he opened his mouth like a five minutes' bell before the clock strikes, in order to be ready in his speech,—the Precentor, turning over the Chapter books, said one day to his quondam friend, Canon Broadcast; 'What do we want of a dog-whipper, Canon?' 'Dog-whipper!' repeated he, 'why it is clearly a waste of the goods which should be given to the poor.'

"Well, they wer'n't very long in knocking off the office, never thinking of me, of course.

"But I was in the robing-room when the Precentor had spoken so cruelly of the Dog-whipper, and I was not long in finding my revenge.

"It was a Saint's day, and the Mayor with all the Chamber, and the Trades with their flags,

the City bands, and the serving-men of many a lord or knight attended their masters to the Church. They had had a great wool-feast in the town in honour of the Trade, and having got rather too merry in the Cloth Hall, they were determined to finish with a Sermon—and the Precentor was to preach it. Oh! Hubert, if you had seen me when I first heard the news—I was mad with joy—for a week I kept from home—but not idle, not idle, Hubert; preparing for the great day.

“ Well, prayers were over, and the Precentor got into the pulpit. He was a large man, and looked very well there, but as I said, from being full breathed, very slow in his delivery, sometimes dividing a word, so that the first part reached the organ-loft, and the last the Communion-table. He had evidently prepared the Sermon with great care, and spreading his arms as was his wont when he commenced, he began to give the text.

“ But, oh! Hubert, as soon as he opened his mouth such a sound as you never heard, a long melancholy sound, beginning in a whine, and gradually rising into a howl, and scaring half the

congregation out of their senses, came from under the Reading Desk. From a dog—my good fellow!—from a dog!

“The Precentor opened his mouth again—wider—till he was red in the face—his voice was again drowned by the dog’s—the Sacristan, a good man, the one you followed, went to the animal—but he showed his teeth and growled very unmistakably. The Precentor lifted his voice once more, but it was no good. Peter was the preacher that day—although fifty made a feint to do it, no one dared touch the good old wolf-hound, and his master the Dog-whipper was back in a week and more esteemed than ever.”

“Well, that’s a profitable story, Humphrey, and I hope Jocelyn, whenever you are cast down by the misfortunes of this sublunary world, which is but a vale of tears, my son, you will cry, as the posie on the tombstone says, ‘Nil Desperandum,’ which is as much as to say, ‘Think of the Dog-whipper!’

“But it is your turn, Humphrey, with the can.”

“The old toast then!” returned the tale-teller, “there are a couple of draughts left.”

“ Here’s ‘ Success to King Charles ! ’ ”

He was in the middle of the cup when his ears were startled by the bursting of the Western Door of the Cathedral, and a thousand voices in a few seconds echoed round the walls.

The three, the pale lad who had so silently kept in his quiet corner, and the two old men, first throwing off their ample doublets to screen the light from the Minstrel Gallery, clambered up the front of the archway and peeped over.

With fifty torches, flaring in every corner of the Cathedral in their menacing glare, and lighting with their red gleams the helmets and breast plates of the soldiers who were mixed with a motley throng of the rudest of the artizans, came in a rushing mass the soldiers of Cromwell.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THAT night the work of desecration began—the outer aisles were soon filled with horses belonging to the soldiers, whilst the choir was occupied by the stern fanatics, who with a stare, half curious, half contemptuous, gazed round the magnificent temple.

At first they seemed restrained by the solemnity of the place. But one more confident than the rest raising his musket discharged it at the altar-piece. His example was quickly followed. Seats were torn from their stalls—the gorgeous windows beaten in—the hangings of the Bishop's throne—and the Pulpit cushions, with communion cloth and table lace were burnt in the midst of the throng. Hours did they spend in their mad and miserable work of destruction. At last, when the chained volumes of scripture had been torn from their rings,

and every book connected with the Episcopal Religion that could be found, was thrown into a heap, the blind zealots lighting the pile which had been collected in the Lady Chapel, sung or rather shouted with the frenzied joy of exulting fanaticism, a hymn of triumph on the deed they had done.

The sound of their voices impelled them to new excesses and the leader of the band, seizing a burning torch from his fellow's grasp, cried, "down with the unsanctified place itself."

Away they rushed, all eyes flashing with their fearful purpose, when upon their savage ears came the loud sounds of the pealing organ.

By one impulse they stand arrested, and it was wonderful to mark each dumb-struck in his revengeful attitude, the torch-light sculpturing out the stern features, as the noble instrument sent forth its stream of mighty melody. Down as from the distant voices of assembling angels, come the clear, full sounds—now rising with enthusiasm, now falling with supernatural softness—now with the wild thrill of a spirit-chant, and again deepening into the chorus of a winged host.

Suddenly the music ceases—but the pause is more awful than the deepest echo.

At length, a small low voice, almost as of a child, rises gradually through the oppressed air. Plaintively, sadly, that slight clear voice fills the broad space—the notes rise in distinctness, and as pause after pause break upon the eager listeners, the glorious tones of Luther's Hymn are heard through the ancient temple.

A voice in the crowd below takes up the strain—three or four more follow—and now the boldest has joined the wild choir.

The organ again reverberates with the echoes of the dying Hymn—its glorious stream of sound falls full upon their hearts—the faith of the true Religion has united the statued and enshrined catholic, the exiled churchman, the zealous Puritan: and as soon their emotions have allowed their limbs to move, the wild crowd turn with tremulous tread towards the doors of the Cathedral.

In half an hour, not a vestige of that furious band was left.

For that night at least, the Cathedral was saved—and the organist?—surely the spirits of the

Holy ones who lie buried all around had risen to protect the place.

No ! the inspired organist was Jocelyn—his enthusiasm had taught him what it has taught more skilful hands and more ambitious minds—the secret of that power, with which heart appeals to heart in the mysterious, but universal language of music,

AN

HOUR IN THE GUILDHALL.

I CARE not what your accomplished Architect may say, but I would not lose our Guildhall in the High Street for a dozen modern buildings, let them be as correct or classical as they may.

Now, as I stand by the old Hospital of St. John's, in itself a noble relic, and look down upon the picturesque line of houses that on either side form the principal attraction of the City: with the singular mass of building on my right that was formerly "The White Rose," a goodly inn in the time of our Henries and Edwards, and which still, underneath the windows hath its carved memory of the fact—when, I say, I glance

through that fine old street, with scarcely two houses together alike in style or height: some projecting from odd corners, and others bearing every here and there evidences of their great antiquity, I should be sorry, I confess, to lose the great ornament of the whole, the crumbling grey-worn front of our City Hall.

And when you enter the building, and call up the associations of the past, how deeply do you feel that you tread, not only the ground which History has made sacred, but ground made sacred by the History of your Forefathers: of men who have, generation after generation, occupied that chair, dispensed justice to their fellows, thrown up their caps in the air at the call of some favorite orator, or called together by the earnest urgency of siege or famine, united to keep their faith heart-whole or their City firm.

And when you look around the walls and mark the memorials of our greatness in the emblems of our Trade Corporations, now unwisely destroyed, or the arms of our leading Citizens—that wall their only record—or glancing higher, gaze upon that Gallery of Portraits, famous in Art as well

as History, doth not your heart beat at the recollection of the high deeds or generous thoughts of men who trod the same stones on which you stand, raised their voices within the same walls and were actuated, may we hope, by the same feelings of patriotism or faith.

In that chair have sat, with many others that deserve a passing notice, the generous Gervais, the earliest of our law-givers, the sagacious Duke, who raised the picturesque Conduit at the Carfoix, the chivalric Gould, "a little man with a great heart"—as the Chronicles style him, who, when Cromwell sent his imperious mandate, refused to recognise his authority, and when the usurper was supported by the military power, threw the document out of the window, the Protector taking the Assize to Tiverton, not moving him from his purpose. From that dark canvass glooms the patriotic Monk, and who that recognises the cautious yet enterprising Duke of Albermarle, but looks back with gratitude and respect on the prudent agent of the Restoration. From the hour when he revenged the insult offered to his father by the Sheriff of Devon,¹ to the time when he

recovered the throne for his sovereign, his life bears the impress of a powerful and heroic character. There, one of the liberal founders of our County Hospital stands; there, the great lawyer Pratt, who has adjudged the fate to so many others, himself hangs; there, one of Vandyke's portraits, that native of the City, the Princess Henrietta is seen, there the familiar face of the benevolent Blackall looks down upon us, and there, the honest features of the worthy Alderman, whose chief renown is on his being painted by one of the most sterling of our Artists—the eccentric and unfortunate Sharland, whose genius, but for his brief career, must have left us glorious results.

There is something reverend in the old Hall, with its quaint wainscotted pannelling, its narrow, but picturesque entrance, its lofty roof, with its huge rafters and quaint corbals, its high windows, and those bold galleries, that so often with their lines of eager faces, keep the eye in a perpetual study of their rapt or excited energy.

Varied have been the scenes acted in that hall: the miserable alley squabble of some of our

"oldest inhabitants," redolent of the perfumes, and full of the eloquence of the more *secluded* of our neighbourhoods: the bitter war of words, or the sapient controversy of some of our magniloquent Councils: and above all the Election groups that make the place echo to the fierce cries that mark the anger or triumph of party.

I see them now—the affable, but nervous candidates—the excited sheriff—the movers and seconders with all the elaborate awkwardness of studied attitudes and embarrassing smiles—the sanguine partizans—and the humour-loving mob.

Nay! did I say *mob*? no! that remark must not touch the gentleman that has come here so patriotically that his haste has left him little but his shirt, and that ribbon of a neckerchief that flutters round his grisly throat; nor must I be supposed to speak of that glorious old Nestor, who between every whiff of his pipe corrects some error in the speaker; no! nor that animated youth who has torn off his jacket as a flag for his score of followers, who watch it as it waves over the balustrades, for he has taken an elevated position, and echo the shout he rings the air with.

Oh ! I do love those compatriots of ours ! *there's* a group—a woman for its leader,—handsome in her youth, you may swear it, and now with an impressive cast of features—*impressive*—ah ! you may well say so—she has now called the attention of the sheriff by some taunting remark on his every-day calling. “Order ! order ! the sheriff *implores* silence.” Now she calls to her friends ; a hundred gibes come from their lips—full of wit worthy a more classical atmosphere, and it is only by throwing up his authority and relying on their indulgence or fatigue that the tumult is stilled. Watch that respectable old gentleman who is now civilly asking his neighbour a question of evident interest ; the rogue is meditating some practical joke : there—I said so—before he can hear the slow reply, down over his head, completely burying his face, down comes on his shoulders his polished and tight-fitting hat. When he emerges from the gloom, his humble friend is shouting in the very midst of the crowd.

Such a scene as this is worth a moment's attention, and for one who cares for the Philosophy of Fun—no bad philosophy, my gentle reader—

there is abundance of material in the good City of Exeter.

But turn we to graver matters : how famous has the City become from the eminence of her mayors and the decisions of her magistrates. The old trade-banners have been discarded ; the Cap of Maintenance the Seventh Harry gave us—fair emblem of his character ; that sword which no man cares to wield after Edward the Fourth,—have lost their power ; mace and robe—what has become of *their* influence : alas ! alas ! no longer do they attract crowds round them as on the Midsummer Eve of old when they were solemnly paraded round the city. All, all seems lost ! the very wig of the Recorder, so awful in a Waltham, a Fanshaw, or a Courtenay, has lost its weight with us.

And yet something remains ; our senators are not the less eloquent, our sages not the less sage. Even now, legend after legend demands the record of their wisdom. Where shall I select where all is so full of interest, where pause where all offers matter of boasting ?

We will speak of the memory of one, who, in

the hearts of the *blue-boy* generation lives enshrined—yet was he stern withal. Once, I recollect, a child was brought before him for robbing a fruit garden. How his eye dilated, as he gathered round him his knowledge of the statutes, and swelling with ire, rebuked the abject criminal :

“ Little boy ! ” I think I see him now, throwing his head back, and dropping his nether lip in the fulness of his majesty, “ you have committed a great, a very heinous crime : you have despoiled your neighbour of his goods : and, what adds to the enormity of the offence, you stole these gooseberries when—when—but I can scarcely utter it—when they were—*green* ! don't you know they will make you ill, ve—ry ill !——You should,” added the upright magistrate—“ you should have waited till they were ripe.”

But these recollections crowd upon me : the same worthy man, who had a genius for the grape, was called upon to administer justice to a poor trembling sinner, who, it seems, had before been brought there for the same offence—for the grave vice of drunkenness :

“ Man,” cried the sententious magistrate——

"I am ve-ry much a-fraid I have seen your face before,—I know you are an old offender—where did I see you last?"

"Why," said the hapless object of his wrath, gathering courage to say a word in reply, "the last time your worship saw me was when you was catching hold of the Southernhay railing, and when you was so very far gone, I helped your honour home!"

The reader may guess that the poor fellow was saved the expensive luxury of his threatened reformation.

But I must break from this fruitful theme—one last incident closing this already long chapter.

Some years since one of our Mayors was journeying to his home, abstracted in the contemplation of some important measure for the next council, when he was stopped by a man running after him and pleading for assistance. Now our magistrate had an especial dislike to such petitioners; "he never," as one of our wise statesmen safely has it, "he never gave to beggars"—and he at once repulsed the vagrant. But the man was importunate, and, coming up

beside him, whispered a few words in his ear. The magistrate turned—our Lycurgus was softened. He beckoned the man into a less frequented street, and turning to the beggar, asked what he meant. The man touched his ragged hat.

“The shilling, your honour, and then I’ll tell you,” said he, mysteriously, “and the secret may be worth you or your family very much more than a shilling before they die.”

The magistrate loved his offspring: he had several wild olive-branches round his table, and after some shame and much consideration, he slid the shilling into the man’s hand.

The beggar, sidling up to him and placing his hand on his arm, said with the slow deliberate manner of advice,

“If, your honour, you, or any of your children should ever happen to be sent to the”——the magistrate drew himself up, and the beggar relinquished his hold——“to the treadmill,—always take the left hand side nearest the wall, you’ll find it a deal easier.”

A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

I WISH it was anything more than a sketch—he well deserves it—poor old Captain Cooke ! Not the redoubtable seaman, most sapient reader, but our excellent and wonderful Captain, the famous monument of our Western Chivalry.

Ye Gods ! how I loved him !—himself—not his reputation, his amassings, his acquirements—but *himself*—his hearty, honest, thorough-bred English nature.

Of course all the world has seen him curvetting and caracolli~~ng~~ and recalcitrating with his war-horse at the Devon Assize ; but you may not have heard him address the audience in the County Court. That was his especial glory : when the judge had retired into the refreshment room, it was delightful to see him seize the opportunity and harangue

them on the proprieties to be observed in that awful place. From the clearing cough with which he announced his purpose, through the tortuous windings of his elaborate eloquence, to the fervid peroration in which he always hinted at the probability of soon seeing one of his audience in the prisoner's position, it was inimitable. There, as he sat on the verge of the Jury-box, on an elevated seat, his laced and three-cornered hat by his side, his broad coat (of the last century cut) garnished in the same way, his vest a glorious garment descending to his knees and his buckled hosen, there was, for a student of character, no greater treat. Like Cæsar he was short, and with Napoleon he partook rather of obesity—the only drawback on his appearance. As for his face, it could scarcely be improved. In its amplitude and richness of contour, it suggested those lines of Byron's—

“'t would puzzle to find where
It would not spoil some separate charm to pare.”

the forehead was low to be sure, but how beautifully, how knottily developed ! then, what a world of sentiment under the shadow of those shaggy

brows, when raised in the sunshine of benevolence, or lowered in the gloom of reprobation ; but the *great* feature of his face was the projecting one. It would need another Shakspeare to immortalize it. If Bardolph's was an example of the Bacchus proboscis, surely in its vigorous outline, its short firm bone, its twisted cartilage, its heavenward turn, and its expansive nostril, *that* nose should have been sacred to the statue of the Apollo. How when dilated, did it lend fire and animation to the long but decisive upper lip.

Pardon this diffuseness—as the last of our “ Characters,” he deserves a line or two.

I spoke of his powers of oratory. When a younger man, and a member in the Volunteer Corps, enrolled at the beginning of the 19th century, he used to show his devotion to his country in anticipating the coming news by meeting the Mail, whose tardy pace had no chance at all with our Captain's trooper, which went in a trot, (as I have since discovered all favorite horses do) at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. When he came in, panting with the news and followed by thousands of the Citizens, it was his

custom to mount one of the unoccupied coaches in the New London Inn Square, and, taking the newspaper from his pocket, proceed to deal out the news. No matter how excited the audience, if the intelligence did not please him, he put the paper in his pocket again—if it did, they were even then compelled to wait until he had exhausted all his comments, which generally ran somewhat in this style—

“Glorious Victory in the Pen—in—sula——
three Cheers for Wellington, my fine fellows !—
Siege of Bad—Bad—”

“Never mind the name,” shouted the crowd. But he would'nt go on until he had *Englished* the word—and then he proceeded——“the British complete masters of the place, and the French forces—now wait a moment, for here's another outlandish word——a-n—an—ni-hilated——”

“That means ‘done for,’” cried a rugged commentator.

“If that fellow means to say I don't know my own language—I won't read any more.”

“No ! no ! shame !—go on ! turn him out.”

“Very well,” said the worthy Captain, after he

had seen his "learned" friend sent on his travels over the heads of the mob—"Now, three cheers for the army—but no! stop——first" and the Captain's eye glanced gloomily over the column—"Buonaparte hourly expected in Spain—Nine groans for the Corsican"—they were vigorously given—"and I think that's all, my friends—we'll have the cheers to morrow."

On all such occasions he was escorted home on the shoulders of the populace; sometimes not without being the victim of some trying experiment on the invulnerability of his person.

His local usefulness was very great. It was he who first named the streets and numbered the houses, and many other similar improvements were suggested by him; he watched anxiously every public officer in the execution of his duty, held a feared sway over the civic council, did much to influence the market prices for articles of food as a general purveyor for others, experimentalized in all the private affairs of his friends, and as a patriot, led the masses of the poorer orders, at a time when their loyalty was of the highest importance to government. He corres-

ponded, although the correspondence was too often all on one side—with the Ministers of State and the Leaders of the different parties, and had a convenient habit of attributing all the acts of the legislature to the influence of his advice.

He was, in addition to his other pretensions to celebrity, a famous Pedestrian, and often walked his fifty or sixty miles in a day. When seventy winters had blanched his cheek and thinned his hair, a twenty mile trip before breakfast was a frequent feat with him. He boasted that he had once gone over every Parish in Devon at a cost of half-a-crown! Every morning like a skilful general, he reconnoitred the country, and the wealthy peer, or the comfortable squire, or the warm rector, whose mansion promised the best harbourage, was the chosen friend for the day. And he was everywhere welcome—his humour, his originality, his freedom from all servility, and his honest prejudices of feeling, as respectable as they were sturdily kept, always found him a choice host.

He was the principal saddler of the City, and rewarded his more valued customers by distinguish-

ing their patronage in a long enumeration of their names over his door. There is a story extant, but I am unwilling to credit it—of his resorting to some of the residences of the county gentlemen and inspecting their stables, with the view of *authenticating* every well-made saddle by placing his own name in the corner, when the maker's had been omitted—and report states that his diligence was rewarded by increased trade.

The Captain was a zealous Churchman—and always had his reserved nook, close by the Preacher for the day, in our fine old Cathedral—and woe to the intruder who touched the broad silver spectacles, the large folio Bible, the well-worn napless beaver, or the oaken staff, laid at his side. So firm a Protestant was he, that he wanted the word “Catholic” omitted from the Liturgy, lest the unthinking should pray for the wrong people, whilst his hatred of Dissent was carried so far that he once threatened to resign the command of his Assize Troop because the wag of a Contractor had taught the horses of the Troopers to assume a prayerful attitude, as objectionable, as inconvenient.

In domestic life, although rather rigorous in discipline, he had an excellent system of government. He ruled his wife by his famous "*or and if compact*"² which prescribed her duties through every day in the week, and was hung threateningly over her head in the Kitchen.

Like other great men, he had his reverses. Once, during the Assize, his awkward habit of repeating in confidence to the Jury the last words of the Judge, extracted from him the addition of "lay your heads together and——acquit the prisoner!" Although the issue was certain, yet he was summarily punished by an imprisonment in the County goal, his fears whilst there being taken comical advantage of by the Governor.

At one period of his life he was a conspicuous opponent of our West-country Prophetess, who has now her thousands of followers in the North of England, Johanna Southcott. Neither the extraordinary rhapsodies she published, aided by her quaint printer, Brice, nor her well-prepared miracles could impose on the honest shrewdness of "plain John Cooke."

But perhaps his greatest achievements were his

Bulletins. When not one newspaper, for every hundred now, found its way into the West, most oracular in their tone, and conveying every diversity of news, always written in rhyme, and with a strong complexion of loyalty in them, these *Bulletins* did a great deal of good. I verily believe—although a rogue would sometimes turn the paper and puzzle the wondering readers with the Battle of the Nile for the Fight of Navarino, for the Captain was economical and wrote on both sides of the sheet—that for thirty years they were the chief, if not the sole informers of the country people.

He was, with all its virtues and its errors, a Tory of the Old School. Catholic Emancipation half killed him, but after the Reform Bill, he never really rallied. His fund of animal spirits was gone, and not even the late Lord Chancellor, who has often met him at a chosen carousal with many other Barristers on the Western Circuit, would then have remembered his eccentric friend.

In his death the last of our "Originals" went, and much as we may incline to laugh at his grave assumption of dignity and random method of life,

there was still a heart under that rough husk, unrefined in its feelings perhaps, as were the uncultured impressions of his brain, but ever betraying evidences of a kindly and truthful nature, whilst in his originality of bearing and purpose, his character would have afforded rich materials for the skill of a Fielding, or the genius of a Scott.

It should have been said that, to the other attributes of greatness, the Captain added the quality of self-respect. He had no mawkish idea of his own powers. Indeed he had such an opinion of both his enterprise and his eloquence that he adverted to it in his self-written elegy ; for as he finely phrazed it—" As I cannot be present at my own funeral, let me at least be my own historian—let it be said——‘ Circumstances might have made him a Halexander, but Edication would have made him a *Kikero* !’ ”

THE CHILD-MUSICIAN.

There's a sweet little village that creeps round a
hill,—

Methinks, with its gray tower I see the place still ;
The Creedy runs not very far from the spot,
Murmuring faintly round orchard and cot,
And making both upland and valley-path bright
With its verdurous bank and its pale thread of
light—

Where, when the night warms at the close of the
spring ;

The birds in a language like ours will sing ;
Singing all the night through in a chorus of words—
Like the voices of children then, far more than
birds—

And they say, who have heard them, the fairy
wing'd elves !

They sing the same ballads we warble ourselves :
 Whilst the music they make to a peasant was taught,
 Who, the lay, note by note, from the songsters had
 caught,
 Till the lofty and true inspiration gave birth
 To melodies chaining all hearts on the earth.

Some years before this, for if you go in May,
 You may yet hear the bird-ballads close the bright
 day,
 There dwelt in that cottage just under the steep,
 Where the sprays of the jessamine round the door
 creep,
 A couple—one tilling the rich, ruddy soil—
 The other her pillow-lace making the while—
 Who where poor enough God knows! for those
 we *call* poor,
 With their scanty lit hearth and their damp clay-
 cold-floor ;
 Yet they both—Tim and Madge on the poverty
 smil'd ;
 For they car'd not a groat for the wealth of the
 world
 As long as the smoke from their white cottage curl'd,

And the Pixies watched over the life of their child.
This child was a boy of no common renown,

The pride of the villagers—nay even more—
The curious came from the neighbouring town

To here his reed note at the cottage door ;
And there was not a tune the recruiting band play'd

When they came to the place at the Whitsuntide
fair,

But a week or two after the visit was paid,
That child might be heard with the favorite air ;
And the bells ! how he lived in the soul of the
chime,

When they rung out the three, the whole three
at a time !

Till they twin'd and twisted and tangled the sound
That the echoes forgot how to carry it round ;
For there was not a sound in wood or in field
But the link in some chain of tone would yield,
The insect's wing with its drowsy lull ;
The whetted scythe with its clangour full ;
The wild bee's summons to garden-hive ;
The milch-cows' low in their homeward drive ;
The waggon's creak to the tinkling team
Had melody all in the Minstrel's dream :

Whilst the fountain-fall or the gurgling weir
 Stole through the leafage with music rare ;
 And the changeful course of the rambling river
 Had a voice in whose tones he could live for ever.
 And often at night when the last sad bird
 In its low, unfrequent note is heard,
 And its plaint dies away 'neath the rush of the wind
 Till its memory is all that is left behind—
 Often the boy to the lattice would steal,
 And drink in the sound of the thunder-call,
 Till the glorious concert in all its real
 And eloquent grandeur held him in thrall ;
 When the storm-winds rose and the waters fell,
 And every cloud had a voice of its own,
 There stood the child 'neath the glorious spell,
 His young heart beating to menace and moan.

But of all the sounds that pleas'd the boy,
 The blacksmith's shop was the minstrel's joy :

Clink ! clink !

Who would think

That iron with iron such music would make,
 Yet if the boy played on the Village Green,
 Or at the Church Cross for a moment was seen,

Or was seeking some bird's nest in brier or brake:
 If he heard but the hammer's silver sound,
 With the anvil's shriller, yet sweet rebound,
 Clink! clink!
 Ere a star could wink,
 He was off to the forge with a spirit-bound.

Now this pleas'd all but the Minstrel's sire,
 And he could scarcely restrain his ire,
 For like many as harsh a man, would he say—
 "Other children could find a way
 Of earning the bread they ate every day,"
 But his was mocking him hour by hour,
 With music so sourceless, so weird and wild,
 That he fear'd the shade of some evil power
 Had fallen on the mind of his helpless child.

They were sitting one evening—a summer eve—
 After the best meal a labourer loves,
 When the heart of the father began to grieve
 O'er a theme which every mother moves;
 Long they mus'd and ponder'd long—
 But the mind was dark, tho' the love was strong;
 They sought the cause of the sad disease

That the brain of so young a child could seize,
 Chilling his hand and stilling his tongue
 To all but the sound of some foolish song :
 What knew they of the glorious Voice
 Which makes the soul of the young rejoice ?
 Which thrills to the heart with a thought so high,
 That it speaks with the spirit of Prophecy,
 That through care or doubt or struggle or wrong
 Bears the unblenching spirit along ;
 And in the dark hour bids the student see
 The light of his immortality ;
 What knew they of the Voice which has led
 To the deathless fame of the mighty Dead,
 That made the rock-pictures Giotto drew,
 Or the first wild music a Haydn knew,
 Revelations of beauty, sent from above
 To make Harmony ever a means of Love.

No ! the good people thought in their kindness
 rude
 Of their child's unaided fight for food,
 And thy hoped from their counsel to find some
 charm
 Which might keep his fingers and throat from harm ;

But the more they ponder'd, the less they found
 To take off the weight of that grief profound ;
 The man played with his thumbs and his garments
 twitched,

 The woman talked herself into a doubt
 Of what she was really talking about ;
 But at last they agreed that the child was WITCHED.

When a sound that seem'd not to Earth to belong ;
 Ting ! tong ! ting ! tong !

As if Mab had made of some sheep-bell a gong,
 And her faeries were swinging the echoes along,
 Made them stare and start and shrink aside :
 “ The witches have come then at last ! ” they
 cried—

For the startling sound came from overhead
 Where their child was lying asleep in his bed—

 Ting tong ! ting tong !

The honest peasants grew pale and grim,
 And feared for some mischievous goblin's whim ;
 Yet then, of all but their love beguil'd,
 They strove for the life of their elf-sought child :
 Holding each other's hands in their own,
 With many a grasp and many a groan,

Mixing charms and sighs and prayers,
 They sidle and shuffle and creep up stairs ;
 Not side by side, but one after the other—
 First the father and then the mother ;
 Close to the wall—half a step at a time—
 As if they were going a tower to climb ;
 He, with his fingers stretched to save
 His form from what might be a yawning grave—
 And she, catching hold of his jacket's skirt,
 That she might protect him from sudden hurt :
 Not a sigh, not a sound save the sudden clutch
 She gave his clothes as their shadows they touch,
 Not a sound save the blood in its throbbing rush
 And the husband's nervous and needless " hush !"

Ting ! tong ! ting ! tong !

" O ! Timothy hark ! 'tis the Devil's song,
 " Save us and shield us from all that's wrong !"

The father was first,
 And now had slunk up to the top of the stairs,
 Where, peeping in, that he may not be caught
 unawares,

The door open he burst !

Eight horse-shoes all in a row,
 Strung on a wire from wall to wall,
 With an iron rod striking them to and fro—
 There stood the urchin and music and all ;
 He heard neither father nor mother, not he !
 He was there in his world of harmony :
 Ting, tong ! ting tong !
 How the marvellous sounds swept the air along !

Who after this would blame the child,
 For his lofty thoughts and his music wild ;
 No ! from that moment their pride, their joy,
 Was the spirit-song of the self-taught boy—
 Self-taught ? nay ! I do the world wrong—
 There is nothing self-taught in picture or song :
 There is not a sound in the river-path
 But its healthful lesson of minstrelsy hath,
 There is not a scene in valley or hill
 But the heart with a picture-love can fill,
 There is not an object on earth, sea, sky
 But may teach the senses harmony :
 And the minstrel touch'd by the holy fire
 Hath all the world for a willing choir.

When the wild birds of Upton have ceas'd their
sweet note,
When no longer his songs thrill from every throat,
When the home-screech forgets for its wood-mate
to mourn,
And the plaint of the sky-lark nor asks a return,
Then, but never before shall we tear from each breast
The ballads a Davy hath left with us all,
In music that must on each feeling heart fall
Till it make our Musician the boast of the West.

A NIGHT IN THE CATHEDRAL.

NOT many years since, when the then Bishop of Exeter resided at his picturesque and hospitable Palace, a lady living on the Southernhay was a frequent guest at his Lordship's table. She generally returned home at Sunset, and to shorten the distance, was in the habit of going through the Cathedral, the southern entrance of which adjoined the palace.

One evening the lady left rather later than usual, and hurried through the old Church more rapidly than was her wont that she might not find the entrance closed. The Verger at the time was going his rounds, and having closed the door to which she was hastening, proceeded to the only other entrance open, and he had left the Cathedral some minutes, before the lady, having traversed both aisles, discovered to her mortification that

she was debarred her usual means of egress. She ran round the walls for the other entrances : they were all shut ! She tried to make her voice heard, but in the old, empty place it died away in echo ; she attempted to reach one of the windows, but she was everywhere baffled. At last, more than dispirited, with an undefined and anxious fear about her, she gave up all chance of leaving the place for the night.

By this time the sun had sunk for more than an hour ; night with its vast shadow stalked through the ancient temple, stealthily creeping round niche and nook, buttress and monument, until the great organ, over which the light had left its last beam, with archway and stall, window and tomb, was wrapt in the impenetrable darkness.

The lady silently, but with many a misgiving, made her way to the Bishop's Throne, whose long spiral canopy threw its vague and fantastic shadow far around it, and gave it even at that dusk and gloomy hour in its comparative prominence a character of security.

Now came the first pressure of fear upon her, and as her mind became busy with the past, the spirit of many an old friend seemed standing forth

from the corners of the place. At last, worn out with the very exhaustion of dread, she slept. But the distortions of her dreams were worse than all ; not an error of her past life, and her life had known comparatively few, but now assumed an aspect of life and motion ; the slightest indiscretion seemed a thing embodied in being ; and thronging round her came the unjust censure, the unwitting calumny, the angry word that had wounded some one dear to her, or with unheeded step tracked some blameless creature to her death. The crowding forms seemed advancing towards her and voices that had hitherto been mere whisperings in remote corners, became impressive monitors, with many a forgotten phrase upon their lips. At last, as some words—too well remembered—rung in her ears, the dreamer with a cry of agony awoke.

And it was no dream—Her voice had *found* its echo : a hoarse and hollow sound came from some quarter of the Cathedral, and soon she heard an uneven but stealthy step moving along the aisle. She would have cried out—but could utter no sound of alarm—every limb shook with the intensity of her fear. The footstep came nearer and nearer. Up by the side of the pews it came

—so distinctly that she could count every tread and every pause ; creeping up, the shadow came, for now she had invested it with form : onward it came—round the last pew, just below her—at last the door of the throne itself gave way to its touch. Her forehead was burning with apprehension—every nerve strung to its utmost force—she clenched her throbbing hands—and by one powerful gasp—breathed forth

“ In the name of Heaven ! what art thou ? ”

The uncouth visitant caught her dress, and with a rough cry exclaimed,

“ Do 'e want to get out ? I be poor old Dicky Cross, and locks myself up for company like—there's lots of grand folk here every night, I can tell you. But maybe they wouldn't like you, so I'll get the key.”

He groped back—with his shambling inconstant gait and the humourous leer his wild face ever gleamed with, leading his reassured charge to the Western Entrance, near which the Verger kept the key, and the strange couple walked forth into the silent streets—the trembling form of the lady contrasting strongly with the quaint outline of the uncouth, but unfaltering Idiot.³

THE ARTIST.

THE subject of this Poem will be understood by every lover of Painting. As a young Artist, I should think my work incomplete, if it contained no tribute of justice to one who, although resident among us, belongs of right, not to us, but the world.

I may not name him—but just turn with me
Towards that picture in the Gallery ;
Is it not lovely ? doth not every part
Come home right gladly to your English heart ?

That waving wild-wood, where with silvery sheen
The struggling beeches gleam the grove between,
The ash slow glistening with its upward spray
Of feathery foliage turn'd towards the day,
The gnarled oak, whose every boll and bend
Its ruddy leafage round the branches send ;
And with their shadows in the streamlet cast,

The group of elms in all their grandeur mass'd,
 As with a joy-rush, gladdening as they go,
 The waters fall into the lake below :
 Nought save the summer-breath from sky to stream
 Disturbs the quiet of the deepening dream,
 The very bell-tower on yon ruin gray
 Slumbers in shadow on this glorious day,
 E'en the far bridge whose arches gloom the deep,
 Seems in the silence of the scene to sleep,
 Whilst with the sunlight flooding from on high
 Hill after hill glides gradual to the sky.

And this is Painting.

Not the glorious rush
 Of all Earth's music in its mightiest gush—
 No ! nor the ballad of our happier years,
 Low voic'd and thrilling till it wake our tears—
 Nor woman's voice, e'en in its tenderest tones
 The wondrous power of the picture owns :

And who the artist—oh ! I shame to say
 Where stands the PAINTER—sad, and lone, and
 gray ;
 No court, no train around him, as of old
 When only glory check'd the path to gold :

When nor of wealth or rank or honour bare,
 The Artist's mission was the Monarch's care,
 When nations finishing what kings began
 Proud of the *Artist*, revered the *Man*,
 And every work to which his mind gave birth
 Shed the true creed of Beauty round the earth :

Thoughtless of all but Art, there stands he now
 Mind yet triumphant o'er his furrow'd brow,
 Proud without aim, ambitious without plan,
 A silent, grave, and solitary man ;
 Yet in his picture-thought so wealthy-wise
 That, could I revel 'neath *his* sunny skies,
 And make my canvass breathe forth at my will
 The lov'd creations of *his* lofty skill—
 Like him from all the envious world I'd fly,
 And make his purpose my humanity ;

The hour *will* come when round his works shall
 stand

The gather'd critics of his fatherland—
 Critics no more—for by their calling bred
 To starve the living to enshrine the dead,
 They then an immortality will give
 To one who only cared in peace to live.

That is the Artist's time of triumph ! then
 His task is busy in the hearts of men ;
 Not the cold stone or ostentatious aid
 Of men who are philanthropists by trade,
 Who never fling their coins or yield *their* bays
 Till all the world has made it *safe* to praise :

His boast shall be to speak from every wall
 And teach the ministry of Love to all ;
 The child will look—and as the picture brings
 Home to his heart Earth's loveliest, loftiest things ;
 Shall sun himself in smiles ; the older grown
 By many a care and many a struggle known,
 Who counts his life by sorrows, not by years,
 Shall feel his hate and anguish turn'd to tears ;
 The old shall gaze—and as his drooping eye
 Drinks in the picture's glorious harmony,
 E'en he shall mutter forth his strange delight
 And gaze again, half trembling with the light :

The *poor* shall come—for 'tis too late to keep
 E'en their half-waken'd faculties asleep,
 For *them* the picture and the statue now
 Must warm the bosom and light up the brow—

•

The poor shall come—and as the hornéd hand
 Of the swart labourer struggles through the band,
 His eye shall fall upon the landscape fair
 And his heart-poetry stand echoed there ;
 The pale mechanic from his toils shall turn
 And in the heaven-like scene his God-source learn ;
 Perchance, recall'd by some light thought of love,
 The crime-sear'd man shall look upon that
 scene,

And as the charms begin his heart to move,
 Its beauty tell him what he once had been ;
 This is the artist's hour of triumph ! and this
 This shall be thine, in all its pride of fame,
 It is no idle prophecy I wis,

Which saith the world shall reverence *thy* name—
 Do we not hang o'er every vivid face
 To which our Reynolds hath given life and grace ?
 Do we not feel compell'd in thought and will
 By the dark memories of an Opie's skill ?
 Are not the great thoughts which a Haydon stirs
 Within our hearts, our hearts true ministers ?
 And thou that hast been our best poet yet—
 With Devon around us shall we *thee* forget ?
 Hill, glade, and river—every path we take

Thy glorious pictures all the holier make,
 The very sunshine that lights up the West
 In thy lov'd landscape hath a light more blest,
 The air that wakes each beating of the heart
 Seems in thy works to act a heavenlier part,
 And with its atmosphere of rest and peace
 To give our passions and our woes release.

And now, though selfish the reluctant thought,
 I would thou never for the world hadst wrought ;
 I love thy picture-poems when the crowd
 Can jar no feelings with its praises loud ;
 They, like the wordless music of the air,
 No sound should startle and no echo bear ;
 They bring our home around us, and in youth,
 When Poetry is but a word for Truth,
 And the sun's glory or the air's embrace
 But love can treasure and but faith can trace—
 They, making real the dreams that never die,
 Both give and take an immortality.

Time hath more potency than man, thy name
 Though dumb to Fortune, hath a sound for Fame :
 Then with thy mission onwards, and each heart
 Shall feel with thee the influence of Art.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



A SONG OF HOME.

Ye sons of the West, ye are dead ! ye are dead !
But your spirit re-animates valley and hill,
The voice of our Coleridge for ever is fled,
Yet the mem'ry of its sweetness abides with
us still.

Joy to your mountain-streams, river and spring !
Not a rill but some poet its music hath heard,
Gay, Carrington, Browne, of your freshness could
sing,
With the gushing at eve of some day-travell'd bird.

Peace to your cottages, loaming and thatch !
Where many an artist hath slept by the hearth,
Where Reynolds and Opie such glories could catch
That pilgrims have worshipp'd the place of their
birth.

Our Painters ! the truest and first in the land,
 Where the sweetness of Collins, the truth of a
 Traies,
 Or the grace of an Eastlake all hearts can command—
 Their feeling, their power—their *nature*, their
 praise.

And oh ! for our bye-roads of flowers and song,
 Where not a bough quivers and not a stream parts,
 But our Daveys and Jacksons have found them a
 tongue
 In those ballads, whose echoes lie deep in our
 hearts.

Health to your villages, orchard and stack !
 Where lies the true wealth of our ship-studded
 shore,
 Where rose, with ten thousand to sail in their track,
 The Raleighs and Drakes that were famous
 of yore.

Hail to your hill-churches, landmarks of love !
 That rise like your patriarchs gray-worn with age
 Peeling their lessons through garden and grove,
 Ringing the requiem of simple and sage.

We have not a hamlet but hath some great name,
No ! nor a green lane, but is sacred to worth,
And the boast of our greatness is honour's best
fame—

We have always shed gladness and truth round
the earth.

Ye sons of the West ! ye shall never die now,
The garden of England shall ring with your story,
The fame of your deeds shall give life to each brow,
And the paths ye have trod be our life-path to
glory.

THE BLIND CHILD.

Look down upon yon fair hair'd child, whose eyes
are on the ground,

Why doth it leave its playmates thus and they so
glad around ?

Alas ! his eyes are sightless and he doth not see
the smile,

That lights each little face and seems to mock his
own the while ;

There, there he sits upon that bank, the weary,
weary hours,

And gathers off the early dew that fills the velvet
flowers :

I think he loves their fragrance, for his hands are
always full,

As he lifts his little head and cries "they must be
beautiful !"

There, there he sits—his little hat pulled down
upon his eyes,
For he does not like the stranger to speak to him
in surprize,
He scarcely ever turns towards the sky itself, save
when
The sunshine breaks out, for he says "his God is
smiling then."

He sits so still upon his bank, beneath that droop-
ing tree,
A bird will sometimes come quite near with 'wilder-
ing melody,
Then from the dark lid gush the tears, because he
cannot tell
What form the winged music bears that wailleth
thro' the dell.

I've watched him too beside the brook when none,
he thought, was near,
Lay down beside the low voic'd stream, its soothing
song to hear,
Then rise and pause and wonder where the spirits
live that bring
Such power to teach the air to echo all the waters
sing.

He hath no friend, save one old man, his grand-
father, they say,

For all that ever lov'd him else are dead or gone away,
And that old man will guide the child, both
tott'ring as they go,

As through the village-path they move, how
quietly and slow !

At eve, beneath the lattice-light, they twain
together sit,

The old man reading from the Book, God for the
poor hath writ,

But his eyes too are waxing dim, for care will
darken sight

And then the old man and the child will both be
lost in night.

But *God* hath always means to make His blessed
Gospel known,

And will not let the humblest live in *His* good
world alone—

The child hath learn'd to *trace* the words his ears
before had sought,

And now the old man gratefully will listen where
he taught.

THE WAKE-ROBIN.

She riseth the freshest and first of the flowers,
And lifting her stem to the edge of the nest,
Whilst the wind on the faery-clock telleth the hours
She playfully calleth the bird from his rest.

She toucheth the fringe of his russet wing,
She layeth her lips on his bosom red,
With silver-sweet accents murmuring
Her pixie prayer o'er the Robin's bed.

Her sister, the lady-smock sleeps by her side
Nor shaketh her night-robe of dew from her
breast,
A smile through her tears, like a dreaming bride
Lights up her lids in their velvet rest.

The wake-robin's lips have a ruddier hue,
 For the red-breast hath stolen a kiss as he past,
 And is off and away to the garden yew
 For the offering the cottage-girl's hands have cast.

The wake-robin waits for her love in the shade,
 But the red-breast now on the porchway flits;
 The wake-robin's blush will sicken and fade,
 For her winter-lord on the hearth-stone sits.

With a wearied wing comes the red-bosom'd bird,
 To his home in the moss by the wake-robin's side,
 But the thrilling welcome no flower hath heard:
 Like an unsought maid she has liv'd and died.

The lady-smock tosseth her head in the air,
 Tho' the glow-worm hath lighted his lamp at
 her feet;
 Her star-like blossoms are far too fair,
 For the kneeler that lurks round her ivied seat.

The wake-robin's leaves are now wither'd and curl'd,
 But they lie in the warmth of the Redbreast's wing;
 Whilst the lady-smock turneth her face from the
 world,
 'Neath the light of her glow-worm brightening.

THE DYING BOY.

“What are those clouds like, mother dear, that
sail about the sun ?

“Methinks there something holy dwells within
that brightest one ;

“I’ve watch’d it mother, as I lay, and oh ! you
cannot tell

“What wondrous beams of living light around its
edges fell ;

“Methought whilst hov’ring round the sun, ’twas
like some distant land,

“So often raised at sea, by the ocean-spirit’s wand ;

“Is it not fair to look ’upon ?—sure ’tis some
glimpse at eve,

“Which God hath given man to see that he may
then believe ;

Some glimpse at eve, when all His light is full
upon the earth,

“Of that bright morning, when His Heaven shall
burst into its birth ;

“When countless lands bright as yon cloud shall
gladden Christian eyes,

“As all His ‘many mansions’ gleam from out His
mantling skies.

“I love to look upon that cloud—now ! watch it
mother, now !

“See ! see ! it rests its glorious head upon that
mountain’s brow ;

“’Tis gone ! ’tis gone !——she turn’d to look,—
her boy had droop’d his head,

“She rais’d it up to look and smile——the dream-
ing boy was dead.”

A GARLAND FOR MY CHILD.

In woodland and dingle
The bright daisies mingle,
With cowslip and cup-rose and dewberry bright,
In hollow and weirdell
Bring snowdrop and harebell,
And weave me a garland of fragrance and light.

By meadow and river
Where the tall rushes quiver,
Pull sundew, and bird's eye, and bright beaded thorn,
By shelving and shingle,
Shell and floweret mingle
With the down of the songster that wakens the morn.

By streamlet and willow,
Where the young faeries pillow,

Their elf-locks in rose-leaves, bring myrtle and moss,
The thistledown gather,
With the blue crested heather,
From the butterfly's wing bring its glow and its gloss:

By hill-top and hollow
The fleet sunfly follow,
And its gauzy veil gather to border it now ;
With starlash and dewdrop,
Like dreams of the true Hope,
Fringe the bright wreath and cast over his brow.

THE PAINTER'S MISSION.

A FRAGMENT.

There is no earthly joy like *his*—to watch
The fleeting shadows o'er the lovely Earth,
Upon the infant brow at once to catch
The fountain-gush of passion—from its birth,
Through all its tortuous windings—on the face
Of buoyant boyhood all its joy to paint ;
On Beauty's features all its charms to trace ;
On Sorrow's brow to give more than its *plaint*
Can ask of sympathy ; to shew the Living
Their record and their monument for aye ;
To give the Dead a link with the Forgiving
Who, in the still and voiceless likeness see
All that they lov'd in Friendship's memory ;
Which in the mute, mild monitor will say
More to the mind than language from above,
Truth-telling spirits they of life and love
That make us kindred with the Far-away.

FLOWERS.

The stars are the All-Holy's glances,
The joys of Heaven, the dreams of Earth ;
No midnight bard a step advances
But gladdens at their beaming birth :
Yet better than the Stars, love I
The gems that sparkle on the sod,
The Stars may speak His majesty,
But Flowers are the Smiles of God.

L I N E S

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT.

Our wisest, worthiest Citizen is dead,

With Britain's fairest honours in his hand ;
A Monarch's prayers to soothe his dying bed,
And the deep mem'ries of a mourning land.

Born of the people, with a princely mind,

He wrought his way to fortune and to fame ;
And, living in the love of all mankind,
Has rais'd his Monument—*a stainless name.*

The Senate hail'd his native City's choice—

His Queen selected him her chiefest guide :
The Bar paus'd, listening to the suasive voice
Of him, who was their ornament and pride.

But worthless all the glories of the earth ;
Hard-earn'd distinction—eminence in trust—
Compar'd, contrasted with that wealth of worth,
Which made him virtuous and kept him just.

Sage, Scholar, Senator, though all we mourn,
When to your brief, bright history we turn—
Your noblest, truest Epitaph shall be,
HE LIVED AND DIED WITHOUT AN ENEMY.

Exeter, June 30th, 1845.

ENTHUSIASM AND GENIUS.

The one is fair and hath a woman's face,
With a clear trusting eye and open brow
And voice most musical with happiness ;
She dwelleth in the broad noon-tide of joy,
And with a confident and eager tongue
Pours forth her praises in the wide world's ear,
Which, with its multitudinous echo answereth ;
Her face is ever turned towards the light,
The light of heaven, as with a child-like look,
That hath no touch of sorrow in its glance
She buildeth up her visions of delight :
Visions of beauty, blessing youth with bliss ;
Of intellect, commanding the world's awe ;
Of virtue, glorying in mankind's esteem ;
Of love, untainted by a selfish thought :
These are thy dreams, Enthusiasm ! these


The golden links of the caressing chain,
 Whose bound shall girdle the broad Universe.
 There is another being, born of Heaven,
 Her eldest born, the lone and weary one,
 Whose eye is dull with thinking much of truth,
 Which dieth in the grasping ; and of love
 Which melts at the warm touch—or fades and falls.
 It hath no kindred with the world save where
 Some solitary dreamer, sick with hope,
 Yearns for an early immortality,
 The after-birth of fame—then the dim eye
 Will kindle into rapture and the tongue
 With eloquent praises gladden—but 'tis where
 Its musings are of the unreal, unreach'd—
 The intellectual beauty of the earth,
 'Tis then it wears its own, its holiest look ;
 Then doth it speak a language of its own,
 Whose living characters are breathing form—
 The pale and silent marble, the proud dome.
 The glorious picture, shadowing life with love,
 The pealing anthem or the melting song.
 These are its sacred symbols—first create
 Of its first hope, its last, best source of joy :
 But for itself, its melancholy tale

Is written in a thousand early graves,
Is utter'd by a thousand scornful lips,
Is echoed by a thousand faithless tongues ;
Its glory is its curse—for few men care
To gather flowers at another's feet—
And with a mournful step it takes its way
To the pure temple of the living God,
Where the Immortal and Ideal walk
For ever hand in hand—where the younger born
Enthusiasm, spreads her glorious wings
And with her joyous smile and brightening eye,
Welcomes pale Genius to its fatherland.

THE ONE RELIGION.

There are mighty minds that have worshipp'd of old,
In the earthly temples, not built with hands,
Whose faith is written in letters of gold
Which live in the lore of a thousand lands ;
But what have they worshipp'd, and how have they
felt,
Who have traced their Creator in field and wood ?
'Tis but to an emblem their hearts have knelt,
They have bow'd to his *Mercy* and worshipp'd
the Good.

There are mighty minds that have worshipp'd of
yore,
In the glorious temples of Time and Space,
Whose faith is writ in the pangs they bore
And the labours they wrought for the Human race;
But what did they worship and how did they feel,



Who the God of uncounted systems knew ?
 They knelt at the shrine where so many kneel,
 They saw but his *Wisdom*, and worshipp'd the
 TRUE.

There are mighty minds that have worshipp'd of old
 In the purest of temples—the temple of thought;
 Whose faith is written an hundred-fold
 More brightly than all in the love they wrought;
 But what have they worshipp'd, and how have
 they felt

Whose eyes with the visions of Heaven were full ?
 'Tis but to an attribute they have knelt,
 They have worshipp'd their God in the BEAU-
 TIFUL.

There are humbler minds, but mighty of heart,
 Whose faith is written in but ONE Book,
 They who with the Saviour have taken their part,
 Have trust in a creed which *He never* forsook
 But how must they worship and how must they feel,
 Where the Seer, Sage and Poet no hope could
 cull—
 To the God of the Christian their hearts must
 kneel—
 To the Good, to the True, to the Beautiful.

Songs Set to Music,

By Mr. SPARK, a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Wesley.

I

THE SUMMER OF LIFE.

The Winter may do for the old, the old,
With its revels, its songs, and its story,
But give me the time when the meadows unfold
Their beauty and wealth in a mantle of gold,
And the sun is abroad in his glory.

The Autumn may do for the sad, the sad,
When nature is dead or is dying,
But give me the time when both lassie and lad,
With ballad and dance make the dingle so glad,
And the hours with pleasure are flying.

The Spring-time may do for the child, the child,
With its dreaming of joys that come never,
But give me the time when of sorrow beguil'd
We meet 'neath the old oak in joyance so wild,
Wishing Summer would linger for ever.

The Summer's the time for the young, the young,
With its songsters, its fruits, and its flowers,
When sweetness and health on the vallies are flung,
And hope's in the heart, and truth's on the tongue,
And love, light and life gild the hours.

MINE OWN! MINE OWN!

My blue eyed desert flower, yielding
 Light and fragrance to my path,
My life is far too blest in shielding
 Thy beauty from the tempest's wrath :
Ever let thy charms be thrown
Around my heart, mine own ! mine own !

My priceless pearl in life's broad ocean
 My breast shall treasure thee for aye,
Let sunshine light each sweet emotion
 Or sorrow wash the hues away :
Let sunbeams fall or surges moan,
I'll love thee still, mine own ! mine own !

My song bird in the else lorn forest,
 Nestle in my bosom free
I'll dream the music that thou pourest,
 So sweetly forth, is all for me.
That thou dost in thine every tone
Echo my love, mine own ! mine own !

III.

OUR GREEN LANES.

Wander with me thro' our green lanes,
If ye love birds or flowers,
For thrushes sing where roses spring,
And faeries bring their charms to fling
Around the sunny hours.

Ramble with me in our green lanes,
If ye love song and light,
For sunrays beam by tree or stream,
Like fancy's gleam in childhood's dream,
Waking Earth's visions bright.

Wander with me thro' our green lanes,
If ye love bower and grove,
For there is found the holy ground
Where every sound shall echo round
Whispers of early love.

IV.

THE VALLIES OF DEVON.

I love the blue hills of the beautiful West,
Where the sunrays gleam and the snow wreaths rest;
I love the wild woods of our glorious home,
Where the flowers blush and the faeries roam ;
Yet more I love the charm that are given,
In daisy and rose to the Vallies of Devon.

I love our bright streams that so musical glide,
Where wild thrush and woodlark are heard by its side;
I love the quaint knoll where the magical shade,
Throws a fitful gloom o'er the merry green glade ;
Yet more I love the charms that are given,
In harebell and heath to the Vallies of Devon.

I love the bright glance of the heart-winning fair,
Whose smiles are the sunshine of mansions rare ;
I love the dark beam of the eloquent eye,
Whose gaze is the starlight of chivalry ;
Yet still I love the charms that are given
In nereid and nymph to the Vallies of Devon.

Sonnets.

I.

FLOWERS.

When Nature sorrows for the woes of earth,
She droppeth tears of pity on the ground ;
These, as they fall to varied flowers give birth,
And thus their beauty covers all around,
'The very gems that sparkle on the deep,
Are but the wither'd flowers hush'd asleep,
Wrought by the silv'ry wave to crystal shell,
Where, ever after Music cares to dwell ;
Aye, e'en the vari-colour'd flies at play,
Are but wing'd flowers that flit to Heaven away ;
And if thou gazest on the tranquil sky,
Where every flower hath its last abode,
The very stars are fire-flowers on high,
All into bright wreaths garlanded by God.

II.

MUSIC.

The song of morn—the breath of even—
The first smile from the first-born's eye—
The mother's kiss—the father's sigh—
The charms of Earth—the dreams of Heaven—
Religion's rites in praise or prayer—
Or Beauty's glance from out her tears—
The Memories of our early years—
The Hopes that spring up every where—
The love in blushing kisses burning—
The passion fading in its fire
The heart estrang'd, in its returning—
This, as the wind-awakened lyre,
All this is Music, for which Life lies yearning,
Till Love, Life's echo hallows its desire.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

“ Nothing in the world is single.”—SHELLEY.

How beautiful the glorious law of Earth
 Which bids all things that breathe in joy to burn,
 Bidding the buds their opening lids upturn
 As the wild bee basks brightly o'er their birth ;
 How eloquent the pressure of twin hearts
 To whom the kindling glance is as the fire
 That lights the sweet shrine of some flower
 strew'd pyre,
 And as the incense of that temple, parts
 The pausing breath of lips with love delighted,
 So strews the glittering shore the choral wave
 With kiss on kiss, as when the heavens lighted
 With star on star which from each other lave
 Their liquid lustre, thus ne'er unrequited
 Love brightly lingers o'er the couch or grave.

NOTES,

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NOTES.

NOTE I.

"From the hour when he revenged the insult offered to his father by the Sheriff of Devon."

[PAGE 147.]

The father of young Monk being embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, he was threatened with an arrest, but the Sheriff of Devon promised to waive the matter until after the holding of an important county meeting, then announced. In the face, however, of his promise, the writ was publicly served before the assembled people. But his son amply revenged the insult, making his personal chastisement of the Sheriff as public as the dishonourable affront.

NOTE II.

"The *OR AND IF* compact."

[PAGE 162.]

The "*OR AND IF COMPACT*" comprised a series of Regulations for the discipline of the House from the Attic to the Cellar; the *or* and *if* referred to the substitution of one occupation for another, if the Captain, or the weather, or the markets, or the least certain of the four—the servant—became irregular or unpromising in conduct.

NOTE III.

"The quaint outline of the uncouth, but unfaltering Idiot."

(PAGE 178.)

Dicky Cross is, I suppose, now, pretty well forgotten. But there is a sketch of him, by Sharland, full of spirit and character; like all the pictures by this Artist, it brings the man at once home to you, and I never recollect to have seen an Idiot painted before, in which, with all the grotesque imbecility of expression, so much of our common humanity was retained. Whilst enjoying the happy confidence of the laughter-loving "innocent," you cannot help feeling interested in his misfortune.

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